

OCTOBER,

1884.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. LII.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,
PHILADELPHIA.

No 10

LAUDERBACH-SC-PHILA.

Entered at the Post-office at Philadelphia as second-class matter.

Terms, \$2.00 a Year.

Office, 920 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

FIFTY YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC upon their excellence alone, have attained an UNPURCHASED PRE-
EMINENCE, which established them as unequalled in
tone, touch, workmanship, and durability.
Warerooms 112 Fifth Avenue, New York; 201 & 206 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

KNABE PIANOS

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER.

Vegetable
Sicilian

The great popularity of this preparation, after its many years of test, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

Buckingham's Dye

FOR THE

WHISKERS

Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

PREPARED BY

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Sold by all dealers in medicines.

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for Scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Masven, Basutoland (S. Africa), March 7, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BODEN,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists: Price \$1;
six bottles for \$5.

ELBERON FINE TWILL VELVET

A Triumph!

WHY?

HANDSOMER at $\frac{1}{2}$ THE COST of any other VELVET or VELVETEEN of like appearance for COSTUMES, MILLINERY AND TAILORS USE.

BECAUSE:

WEARS TWICE AS LONG than any other.
WOVEN in BLACK and ALL COLORS.
FAST FACE AND PURE DYE.

GENUINE—only when back of every second yard is stamped:

"ELBERON FINE TWILL VELVET."

SENT BY ALL LEADING HOUSES,

Wm. Openhym & Sons, Sole Ag'ts, N.Y.

A PRIZE

Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

PRESSES

TYPE, CHROMO CARDS, Scrap Pictures, etc. Send for price lists. E. C. DUNN & CO., 2108 Orkney Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BIRCH'S WILL WIND KEY AND NOT ANY WATCH WEAR OUT SOLD by watchmakers. By mail 12c. Circular free. J. S. BROWN & CO., 38 DEY ST., N. Y.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Sure cure warranted. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 95 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1884:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon certain of the ensuing patterns.—
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].



FIGURE NO. 1.—MISSSES' COAT.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This illustrates Misses' coat No. 9323. The materials chosen for the garment in the present instance are finely checked cloth and plain velvet of a contrasting shade. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. For a miss of 13 years, it needs $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide.



FIGURE NO. 2.—MISSSES' ULSTER.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This illustrates pattern No. 9350. The Ulster is made of light cloaking goods and trimmed with machine-stitching and cord ornament. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 30 cents. For a miss of 13 years, it needs $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54 inches wide.



9356

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 9356.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 7½ yards of brocaded material and 5½ yards of plain goods 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



9392

LADIES' BISHOP SLEEVE.

No. 9392.—This pattern is in 2 sizes, measuring 9 and 13 inches around the muscular portion of the upper arm. To make a pair of sleeves for a lady whose arm measures 13 inches, requires 1½ yard of goods 22 inches wide. Price, 10 cents.



9348

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 9348.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires 10½ yards of plain material and 2½ yards of plaid goods 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



9327

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 9327.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment of one material for a lady of medium size, will require 4½ yards 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 48 inches wide, or 1½ yard 54 inches wide. To make it as represented, requires 3½ yards of velours and 1½ yard of velvet, each 20 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



9389

LADIES' SPENCER WAIST.

No. 9389.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 2½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 36 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

Front View.



9389

Back View.

**9354***Right Side-Front View.*

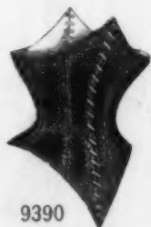
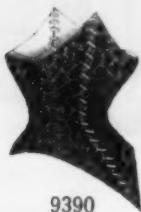
**LADIES' WALK-
ING SKIRT.**
No. 9354.—This pattern is in 9 sizes
measure. To make the skirt for a lady
of good 22 inches wide, or 5 yards 48

**9328**

GIRLS' COSTUME.
No. 9328.—This pattern
is in 8 sizes for girls from
5 to 12 years of age. For
a girl of 8 years, it will
require 5 yards of mate-
rial 22 inches wide, or 2½
yards 48 inches wide.
Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**9354***Left Side-Back View.*

ING SKIRT.
for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist
of medium size, will require 10½ yards
inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**9396***Side-Front View.***9390***Front View.***9390***Back View.*

LADIES' PEASANT WAIST.

No. 9390.—This pattern is in
9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36
inches, waist measure. For a
lady of medium size, it requires
¾ yard 22 inches wide, with ¼
yard of lining 20 inches wide.
Price of pattern, 15 cents.

**9396***Side-Back View.*

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 9396.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 6½ yards of plain goods and 3 yards of brocaded 22 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.

LADIES' WALKING
SKIRT.

No. 9362.—The pattern to this handsome walking-skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $11\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide. If goods 48 inches wide be used, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards will suffice. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



9362

Right Side-Front View.

9362

Left Side-Back View.

9325

LADIES' COAT.

No. 9325.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. The coat is made of dark gray diagonal cloth, with braid binding and buttons for trimming. For a lady of medium size, it requires 6 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cts.



FIGURE No. 3.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 3.—This illustrates Child's costume No. 9349. It is here made of figured cashmere and Surah silk, with cuff-facings of Surah and buttons for trimmings. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 15 cents. Any seasonable material may be made up in this manner. For a child of 6 years, the costume will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide.



9353

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 9353.—Serge-like dress goods of a stylish color were employed for this dress-body, with braid for garniture. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER.

FRONTISPIECE: Listening to the Birds.	
THE ROOF OF THE WORLD (Illustrated),	Margaret B. Harvey 545
WE ARE MANY,	Madge Carrol 548
SPONGES AND SPONGE-FISHING (Illustrated),	549
A LITTLE ENLIGHTENMENT,	551
SUNRISE (Illustrated),	553
SUNSET (Illustrated),	Samuel Longfellow 553
AN ECHO FROM THE OLD PIANO (Illustrations drawn by Miss Agnes M. Watson),	H. S. A. 553
FAITHFUL AS A DOG,	Emilie Egan 557
AN OCTOBER NIGHT,	Grace Adele Pierce 558
VIOLA: A FESTIVAL STORY (Illustrated),	The Quiver 559
TURNING THE TABLES ARTISTICALLY,	562
ONE WOMAN'S LIFETIME. Chapters viii, ix, x, xi,	Isadore Rogers 563
DID SHE DO RIGHT?	Earnest 573
BABY'S DEAD,	Rose Geranium 575
TWENTY YEARS BETWEEN. Chapters i, ii, iii,	Robert C. Meyers 576
HOW WOMEN CAN EARN MONEY,	Ella Rodman Church 582
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY:	
Holland (Illustrated),	583
THE HOME CIRCLE:	
Letter from Auntie,	Auntie 585
Women as We Find Them,	Pipsy Potts 586
A Word with Countrywomen,	Julia C. R. Dorr 587
CHARACTER SKETCHES:	
On reasonableness,	Betsy Bodkin 589
THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE:	
The Prohibition Party,	593
HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT:	
The Peanut as an Article of Food,	Evening Call 594
Recipes,	595
EVENINGS WITH THE POETS:	
Up and Be Doing,	596
The Old Piano,	Harper's Bazar 596
Before Sunrise,	Celia Thaxter 596
HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK (Illustrated),	
A Pretty Parlor,	E. R. Church 598
FASHION DEPARTMENT:	
Fashion Notes,	599
NOTES AND COMMENTS,	601
PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT,	602

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.**
Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1878.

The favorite Numbers for Ladies' use, No. 170 (Ladies' Pen) and No. 303 (Victoria Pen) sold by all dealers throughout the World.

The Nonpareil Velveteen

RECEIVED THE ONLY MEDAL AWARDED AT THE RECENT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM HOLLAND



• SEE THAT THE NAME AND TRADE MARK IS STAMPED ON THE BACK OF EVERY SECOND YARD •

THERE are now several brands of Velveteens in imitation of the "NONPAREIL," but the "NONPAREIL" is by far the most evenly and thoroughly dyed, and, through a secret process in the dyeing, holds its color and tone until completely worn out, *increasing*, instead of losing, its luster and "bloom" with wear, and is the only Velveteen with the genuine Lyons face, and, consequently, the only real substitute for Silk Velvet. *Sailors* can be shown that were made up and placed on lay figures three years ago. These have been exposed to constant heat, as well as, strong light continuously, and do not yet show signs of fading. So great is the improvement in the "NONPAREIL" that even the most delicate hues are being used for evening dresses. The "NONPAREIL" is warranted both by the importers as well as retailers, so that it is the safest to buy for any purpose.

♦♦ TO BE OBTAINED FROM EVERY FIRST-CLASS HOUSE IN AMERICA. ♦♦

Wholesale Trade only supplied by the Agents, SHAEN & FITHIAN, NEW YORK.

FINEST.

ARCADIA

BEST.

VELVETEEN**FOR LADIES' COSTUMES.**

Peterson's Magazine, Sept. '94.
says:

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?—The opening of another season brings to the front the much-vexing question of What to Wear. In answering this, we cannot do better than call attention to the ever-popular Arcadia Velveteen and Woven Broche, which proved so satisfactory last season, and which, with its new patterns and varieties, will without doubt take the lead this season. Experience proves this to be both one of the most dressy as well as economical articles of dress goods.

The great popularity of ARCADIA VELVETEEN over all other goods for ladies' costumes is, that it combines, in a greater degree than any other, the following qualifications, which are an absolute necessity in all goods that are applied to the use of ladies for winter dresses: First, WARMTH—the texture being very fine and closely woven. Second, STRENGTH—the durability of the fabric being superior to any other known make of velveteen. Third, APPEARANCE—the finish of these goods be so superior that when made into a garment, it requires an expert to detect them from Genoa silk velvet.



Godey's Lady's Book Sept. '94.
says:

*** To imitate a Genoa silk velvet so closely that only an expert can detect the difference is rather difficult. The Arcadia velveteen does this, however. Besides, its durability and stylish appearance has made it a great favorite with ladies. The woven broche, combined with old material, is very effective in brightening up a costume. For these advantages, and for its rich coloring and variety of shades, we must place the Arcadia above all other velvetes. These velveteens are also useful for children's costumes, as they stand any amount of hard wear and rough usage.

**← REMEMBER →**

For the
protection of
the
consumer we
stamp

**ARCADIA
VELVETEEN**
(REGISTERED)

every
yard with
this
Stamp. See
you get it.

Sold by all first-class Dry Goods Dealers,

MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS

SHAEN & CHRISTIE,

198 & 200 CHURCH ST.,

New York.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.
SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZ-
INGLY, and gives universal satisfaction.
No family, rich or poor should be without it.
Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations
well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the
ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and
always bears the above symbol, and name of
JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.



FERRIS' PATENT GOOD SENSE CORSETS AND Corded Waists

Are THE BEST for all
ages, from Infants
to Adults.

Ask your merchants
for them; take no other.
Send for circular.

FERRIS BROS., Mrs.,
81 WHITE ST., N. Y.



IF YOU WANT

"The most popular and satisfac-
tory Corset as regards Health,
Comfort, and Elegance of Form,"
be sure and get

Madame Foy's Improved CORSET

And Skirt Supporter.

It is particularly adapted to the
present style of dress. For sale
by all leading dealers. Price by
mail, \$1.30.

FOY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Conn.

FITS STOPPED FREE

Marvellous success.
Insane Persons Restored
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT
NERVE RESTORER
for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure
cure for Nerve Affections: Fits, Epilepsy, etc.
INFAILLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after
first day's use. Treatise and \$4 trial bottle free to
Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when
received. Send names, P. O. and express address of
afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

A LA PERSEPHONE

I.C.

CORSETS
DE PARIS
PERFECTIONNES

FINEST French Sewed CORSETS.

Perfect Fitting.
Gracefully Shaped.
Elegantly Made.
positively the latest and
most improved styles.

Fit Guaranteed.
Call for this Corset and
notice that every pair
is stamped

I.C. a la Persephone.

FOR SALE BY
FIRST-CLASS
RETAILERS.

MELLIN'S



FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS

FOOD

THE only perfect substitute for Mother's Milk.
The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing
mothers. Keeps in all climates. Commended by phy-
sicians. Sold everywhere. Send for our Book on the
Care and Feeding of Infants. Sent free.

DOLIBER, GOODALE & CO., Boston, Mass.



"I owe my
Restoration
to Health
and Beauty
to the
CUTICURA
REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a
Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching
Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Hu-
mors cured by the CUTICURA KEEPFIXES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses
the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous ele-
ments, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching
and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers
and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet
Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in
treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes,
Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only
infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.
Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap,
25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. Potter Drug and Chem-
ical Co., Boston, Mass.

RUPTURES CURED

by
my Medical Compound and Improved
Elastic Supporter Truss in from 30 to
90 days. Reliable references given. Send
stamp for circular, and say in what paper
you saw my advertisement. Address Capt.
W. A. Collings, Smithville, Jefferson Co. N.Y.

ved
J.
ing.
ced.
ada.
and
ed.
and
air
one.

SS
S.

F

s Milk
nursing
y phys-
on the
Mass.

•
2

y

,

•
•
phone
the
ames
socio-
thing
losses
collet
le in
obes,
only
sosp.
can-

F
r
t.
.



LISTENING TO THE BIRDS.

"'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love."

—THOMSON.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII.

OCTOBER, 1884.

No. 10.



Fig. 1.—GLACIER IN LITTLE THIBET.

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

THE great plateau of Thibet, or the country sometimes called Little Thibet or Baltistan, in Central Asia, is known in the language of the natives as the Roof of the World. Here, the grand mountain-chains—the Himalaya, the Kuen-Lun, the Karakorum, the Beloor, and the Hindoo-Koosh—with a number of secondary ranges, unite to form the colossal mountainous mass termed the intersection or mountain-knot of Pamir. This region is literally the highest land upon the face of the globe, its average elevation being five vertical miles above the level of the sea. It is characterized principally by vast glaciers, the sources of the rivers of Western Hindostan; perpetual snows, sparse vegetation, extreme rarefaction of atmosphere, few animals, and, except in the lower valleys, absence of human inhabitants.

The numberless peaks and higher table-lands are absolutely inaccessible, the feet of man having never trodden in these eternal solitudes. The few

passes among the stupendous ridges are so difficult and dangerous, on account of the massive rocks, the insecure accumulations of snow above them, and the extreme cold and thin atmosphere, that it seems the height of folly for any traveler to attempt the journey through them. The last European who successfully penetrated through the formidable pass of Moustagh was a Portuguese Jesuit, named d'Espinha, who made the passage in 1760. A number of expeditions, adventurous or scientific, have been led by heroic men, whose avowed purpose has been to explore this Roof of the World thoroughly; but all of these have been more or less failures, the persons participating being obliged to endure incredible hardships. In an expedition led by Sir Douglas Forsyth, the Austrian geologist Stolzka died literally of exhaustion, the result of privations and fatigues suffered upon the plateaus of Pamir and in the passes of the Karakorum Mountains.

It seems strange that Arctic temperature, desolation, and aspects should exist here, within the

Torrid Zone, under a burning tropic sun, and within a day's journey of one of the warmest climates and most fertile countries upon the face of the globe—the historic Hither India. But the great elevation of this land above the ocean creates, as it were, a succession of planes of all varieties of soil and climate, from Torrid Zone to Frigid, succeeding one another vertically, thus imitating, upon a smaller scale, the transitions in the whole Northern Hemisphere from the equator to the pole. The culmination of this singular imitation, the mimic Frigid Zone, is here, upon this vast plateau of Baltistan. The native of Northern India may thus behold the vegetation and scenery of all zones without leaving his home.

In the lowest valleys of this wonderful region is a scant population, who live chiefly by robbery,

inhabited valleys is that of the Chigar, a tributary of the Indus. From this valley may be obtained a magnificent view of the Karakorum Mountains, scarce inferior in height and grandeur to the Himalayas themselves. (Fig. 2.) This valley is well wooded, and it is especially noted for its apricots; here, also, are cultivated successfully millet, barley, beans, and other vegetables. Some old tombs and mosques lend a certain dignity to the architectural efforts of the inhabitants; but they themselves live in the rudest of mud-huts, without floors, windows, or furniture.

Another pretty valley, though a smaller one, is that of the Skardo. From this, also, may be obtained a splendid view of the Karakorum Mountains. (Fig. 3.) The rivers from all of these valleys flow into the Indus, the famous river of



Fig. 2.—VALLEY OF THE CHIGAR.

supplementing their resources by the cultivation of a few grains and fruits. They are of the Caucasian race, of a primitive type, with a certain attractiveness and dignity of manner. Their comparative isolation has kept them, as a race, pure, so that they are good representatives of their forefathers of a thousand years ago. Their religion, such as it is, is Mohammedan. The dress of men and women alike is a frock and pair of trousers of woollen stuff, with leather belt and high boots; both men and women adorn themselves with a profusion of jewelry, consisting largely of immense rings and plates of silver. But the women wear, in addition, a long white veil of fine India muslin, disposed gracefully over their heads and shoulders, but not concealing their faces.

One of the largest and most beautiful of these

antiquity. This rises among the inaccessible heights, in the largest glaciers in the world, of which our illustration (Fig. 1) gives but a faint idea, and flows among the highest table-lands for nearly one-third of its course, carrying with it all the smaller streams. Upon breaking through the mountain-barriers, the mighty river takes a southerly direction through Western Hindostan—also called the Punjab, or Land of Five Rivers; but these five rivers, with their hundred affluents, also originate in the Roof of the World, flowing from the southwestern slopes of the Himalayas to join their old friend, who called to them before by some mystic influence, and from whom they were separated only by a mountain-wall. Some of these minor streams are the waters laving the far-famed Vale of Cashmere.

The animals of the Roof of the World live principally upon its lower slopes. Among these are wild horses and quaggas. In the higher solitudes may be found the musk-deer. But the most characteristic animal is the singular yak, or grunting-ox, which seems, of its own free will, to prefer dizzy heights, perpetual snows, and a temperature below the freezing-point. The yak differs from the domestic ox chiefly in being covered with long,

The vegetation of the higher plateaus consists principally of mosses, lichens, and grasses; at a lower level, birch-trees and a few grains are found; and at a still lower plane the plants, in general, are those of temperate regions. But a remarkable feature of the southern slopes of the Himalayas is that, although they are in full sight of the perpetual winter and snows of the Roof of the World, they are clothed with magnificent rhododendrons,



Fig. 3.—VALLEY OF SKARDO.

silky hair. Its soft, bushy tail constitutes the Oriental symbol of rank, giving rise to the expression, the "Pasha of Three Tails," this phrase denoting how many tails of the yak such an officer may have carried in his honor upon state occasions. The grunting ox shows remarkable instinct in providing itself with food. It deliberately rolls down a steep mountain-slope to the base, thus scraping the snow off and exposing the grass; it then begins at the bottom of the slope and eats its way upward, to repeat the process upon arriving at the top again.

almost identical with those of our own Pennsylvania mountain-forests.

The following description of a sunset among the Karakorum Mountains is taken from Madame de Ujfalvy-Bourdon, a recent French traveler: "We were encircled by immense mountain-peaks, every one of which the rays of the sun illuminated, like a colossal pharos. If the Himalaya range possesses a peak more elevated than that of the Karakorum does, an assertion which seems a foolish one, it is certain that the Karakorum chain, in appearance, presents a continuous line of elevations

higher than those of the Himalaya. It would be vain to try and entertain you with the diverse impressions with which I was assailed during this grand spectacle. I shall tell you, however, that nothing can depict the magnificence of the coloring of these glaciers at the setting of this Indian sun. I have seen something similar in the Alps, in Styria, in the Tyrol—but what a difference! In the Alps the spectacle is charming, but in the Himalayas the proportions are so gigantic that man is literally annihilated. He feels himself one insignificant figure in the centre of a fearful conflagration which rises to the very vaults of heaven, and he believes every instant that the flames must unite above his head and shrivel him into nothingness."

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

WE ARE MANY.

YES, they are many, very many, the children of drunkards, and we fear, alas! that "every day their rank increases." They are to be found in all lands, and may be hailed on every sea.

If their histories were written in full the world would scarce be large enough to hold the volumes containing them. This mere sketch of a story darkly outlined against the green and the gold of this fair June day is but one of thousands. I wish I could hold Willie P——'s portrait before the myriad eyes that shall rest upon these pages the while birds and brooks sing and a thousand perfumes fill the air, and say, as did one of old: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

The picture should be that of a robust boy, making his presence everywhere manifest by the bounding step, the laugh, the shout, the whistle. It is instead that of a pale, puny lad, moving through life so shadow-like that few will miss him when he glides out of it altogether and fills a nameless grave.

Once upon a time, in the course of her visitations, Lou called on Mrs. P——, Willie's mother. It was the old, familiar story told over again—a drunken husband out of work, a delicate wife at the washtub, and three young mouths to feed, three little bodies to be clothed and cared for.

Christian help and sympathy were speedily enlisted in their behalf. Their immediate needs were supplied; the children, of whom Willie was the eldest, were comfortably clad and brought into Sunday-school, and finally Mr. P—— obtained work.

The family moved from their forlorn quarters, and we lost sight of them for a few months. Then, one rainy evening, their story, dark and tear-drenched as the night, opened again before us at the door of the class-room.

Mr. P—— was at work, but was spending the larger portion of his wages in the saloons, and Mrs. P—— was "sick unto death," with no one to wait upon her or do the cooking and the housework save little Willie, himself in very delicate health. Once again were the two boys, Willie and Charlie, and their sister Lizzie clothed and gathered into classes.

About this time a temperance organization was formed in connection with the Sunday-school, and Willie, brave little lad, marched up to the superintendent's desk and signed the pledge. He knew precisely what this meant, too.

Mr. P—— was in the habit of sending the child out for liquor when too much under its influence or too indolent to go for it himself.

But said Willie, after this memorable Sabbath: "Mother, I won't go now—no, not if father beats me almost to death. I've promised to 'touch not, taste not, handle not.'"

Fortunately, Mr. P—— had manliness enough left to respect his son's feelings, and never undertook to force him to go on this terrible errand.

Upon another occasion he showed that he held a grander view of the scope of these new obligations than most persons consider it necessary to entertain. He refused to eat mince-pie. A neighbor gave him a piece in payment for some trifling service rendered; the child took the toothsome morsel and walked off with it, yet would not even taste it. To his mother, who was ever his dearest companion, he remarked:

"I couldn't eat it. It had brandy in it, and I've signed the pledge. I gave it to a boy that hadn't."

One who refuses mince-pie "on principle," and solaces himself with something equally palatable, has no conception of this dear boy's heroism.

His Sunday-school teacher, who heard of this act of self-denial, not from the child—oh! no, Willie never celebrated himself, but through Lou—replied, delightedly:

"That is a remarkable boy. I've watched him and seen so much that proves there's good stuff in him."

Shortly before the Christmas holidays, Lou and I visited their poor home, one of the many desolated by the curse of strong drink. We found Mrs. P—— down-stairs trying to do a little sewing, although still very weak and troubled with a racking cough. Mr. P—— was there, out of work, as usual. He had been drinking, but not heavily. We had a very serious talk with him.

He answered politely, frankly declaring that he was getting along in years and that it was time he turned over a new leaf. Later, pressing the poor wife's clammy hand and responding to the husband's hearty grip, we left the house.

Everybody knows that the week before Christmas is a busy time, and the week between Christ-

mas and New Year a busier; so it happened that, having found Mrs. P—— better, neither Lou nor I felt any pressing need to call.

There was, however, a call made at the house. In that season of gift-giving came One who "gave Himself a ransom for many;" One who says, "I give eternal life;" yea, Christ came, "the unspeakable gift." With Him came that shadowy Presence that never goes forth alone, but takes with it a presence as shadowy as itself.

Before our Saviour's natal day our humble friend's soul had winged its way to that land where there are "no more tears;" for "the former things are passed away." So poorly had she lived and so obscurely died, that the funeral was over before we heard of her departure.

Willie was alone with her the night she died. Lou heard the story from his own pallid lips. She had been lying on the settee in the kitchen and wanted to get upstairs.

"Why didn't you ask some one to come in?" inquired Lou, as the child described how he partly led, partly carried his dying mother to the chamber where, in a few moments, she breathed her last.

"I didn't know any one," he answered.

Although an uneducated woman and belonging to what would be called the "lower classes," Mrs. P—— was too proud, too refined, to allow her domestic troubles to become common property or to find any enjoyment in coarse amusement and neighborhood brawls and gossip.

Her last night on earth saw her husband in a beer-saloon, her younger children on the street, her kindred over the sea, her kindreds' graves deep under Scotland's purple heather, and found beside her only this sickly boy of twelve years—this little lad whose light of life went out with her departing breath.

One of the most thrilling temperance discourses ever preached issued from the lips of Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn. He took for his text King Jehu's inquiry when, at the palace-gate, surveying the ghastly heads of the massacred princes, he demands: "Who slew all these?" Mr. Talmage sees in the victims of strong drink his heaps of slain; but to-day, yes, even on this dew-diamonded, rose-embroidered day, I seem to behold a pile equally dreadful. I see mothers, wives, children slain, and worse than slain, through the instrumentality of this rum and beer fiend.

Among them—and they are many, oh! so many!—I see this dear woman and this noble boy, who is fast following her to the grave.

I have not tried to tell their story, because I

cannot. This, however, is no fancy sketch. I can almost see that motherless home and the stricken child left to bear alone the burden and the sorrow of it from my window here.

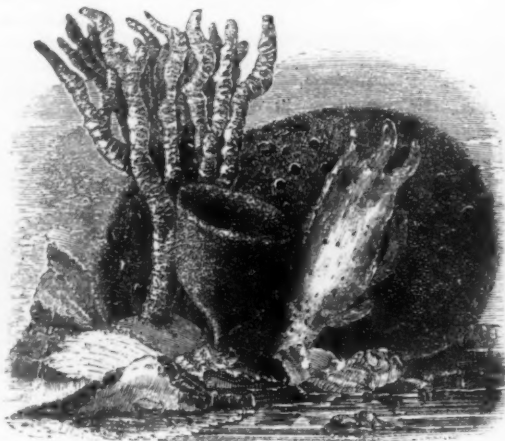
No, I cannot write this story as it should be written. I can only hold this dark outline against summer's blue and gold and ask: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

MADGE CARROL.

SPONGES AND SPONGE-FISHING.

MR. THOMAS RYMER JONES, F.R.S., in his work, *The Animal Creation*, thus writes of sponges:

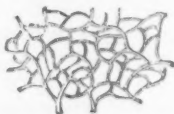
Infinitely diversified in their shape, the sponges,



SPONGES.

as we all know, are distributed along the shores of every climate—some overspread the surface of the rocks like living carpets, others expand in fan-like growths of softest texture; some are cylindrical in shape, while others emulate the forms of branching shrubs; others, again, are molded into cups and giant goblets, many festoon the walls of rocky caverns, or depend, like living stalactites, from wave-worn roofs. No matter what its form, the living portion of a sponge consists of a soft slime that coats each fibre of its structure, and this soft slime, when highly magnified, resolves itself entirely into particles so like the *Amœba* in their characters and attributes that they are evidently of the same nature, the main distinction being that, whereas in the case of the Foraminifera they secrete a calcareous shell, the sponges construct a common framework, over which the living film is spread. This framework varies in its composition in different kinds of sponge. Sometimes it is made up of tubes of horn, forming a network

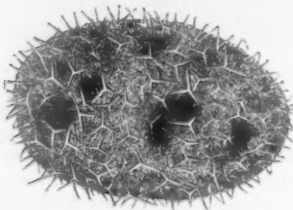
interlaced in all directions; such is the common sponge of commerce, which owes its resiliency and its capability of absorbing and retaining fluids, qualities which render it so useful in domestic economy, to the construction of its horny skeleton. Instead of tubes of horn, the sponges usually found upon our coast deposit in their substance crystals of pure flint, which vary very much in form in different kinds, while a third group strengthen their framework with calcareous spicula of variable shape. Three different kinds of



FRAMEWORK OF SPONGE.

sponge may, therefore, grow close to each other, bathed alike with the same sea-water, yet they elaborate therefrom products so different as horn and flint and lime wherewith to build a fabric that supports the whole community. On viewing a living sponge in sea-water with care and attention, it is found to exhibit a constant and energetic action, which sufficiently shows its vitality. Dr. Grant's account of the discovery of this motion in a native species is very interesting:

"I put a small branch of a *Spongia coalita* with some sea-water into a watch-glass under the microscope, and on reflecting the light of a candle through the fluid I soon perceived that there was some intestine motion in the opaque particles float-

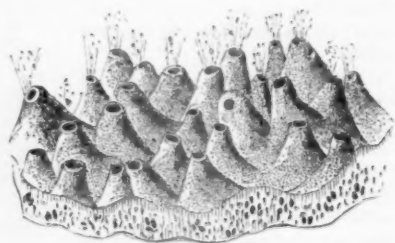


FLINT CRYSTALS OF SPONGE.

ing through the water. On moving the watch-glass so as to bring one of the apertures on the side of the sponge fully into view, I beheld, for the first time, the splendid spectacle of the living fountain vomiting forth from a circular cavity an impetuous torrent of liquid matter, and hurling along, in rapid succession, opaque masses, which it strewn everywhere around. The beauty and novelty of such a scene in the animal kingdom long arrested my attention; but after twenty-five minutes of constant observation I was obliged to withdraw my eye from fatigue, without having seen the torrent for one instant change its direction or diminish in the slightest degree the rapidity of its

course. I continued to watch the same orifice at short intervals for five hours, sometimes observing it for a quarter of an hour at a time; but still the stream rolled on with a constant and equal velocity."

The sponges perpetuate their race by a very curious mode of increase. At stated periods there project from the interior of the larger canals, that traverse their substance in all directions, minute oval masses of jelly, which grow, till at length they are detached and driven out by the issuing currents into the surrounding water. One would naturally expect that such apparently helpless atoms would fall at once to the bottom; but in such a case how could the species be dispersed? Here we behold with wonder a beautiful instance of providential care. A power of locomotion is conferred upon the offspring which is not possessed by the parent sponge; for whereas the latter is firmly rooted to the bottom, incapable of changing its place, the little germ is able to swim rapidly through the sea. This is effected by cilia, or minute hairs, with which one end of the pear-shaped



SPONGE IN ACTION.

gemmule is beset; these constantly keep up a rapid vibration, and thus row the embryo sponge from place to place, until it reaches a distant and suitable spot, where it quietly settles down and soon takes the form peculiar to its species.

Were we to inform our younger readers that flints have been sponges, and that every flint wherewith, in many parts of the country, the roads are paved, and which, before the invention of lucifer matches, constituted almost the only means of obtaining fire, had grown at the bottom of the sea, firmly rooted upon rocks, and sucking in the surrounding water through innumerable pores on their surface, which conveyed through every part of their soft texture materials for their subsistence—we could scarcely expect the assertion to be credited, at least without considerable hesitation; and yet no fact in natural history is more easily demonstrated. Not only do the fragments of flints examined under the microscope reveal the fossilized texture of the sponge, but not unfrequently the shells of the animalcules upon which they lived are found in their substance, and even

portions of the sponge itself, as yet unpetrified, are often contained in their interior.

With regard to sponge-fishing, the following is the process carried out: A small schooner, towing several little boats, with two men in each, passes slowly over the sponge-ground. One man sculls, the other squats, hanging over the boat's side, with his head in a bucket, the bottom of which is of glass. Through this he looks down into the deep, still water, and sees the sponges lying twenty or thirty feet below. Then, assisted by the other man, he aims a stroke with a three-pronged hooking-fork at the end of a long pole. The sponge is grappled and lifted into the boat. When the boats have loaded the vessel, the sponges lying on board, covered with a gelatinous mass, from which oozes a slime of disgusting odor, are anything but pleasant. The animal soon dies; the sponges are laid out on the sand that the putrefying outer substance may rot off, after which they are roughly cleaned and scraped, pressed, and packed in bales. Much further washing is required, and a chemical process of bleaching.

A LITTLE ENLIGHTENMENT.

A CHARMING account of every-day life in Persia has been written by Dr. Wills, an English physician who resided in that country for many years. In it he gives us many curious incidents of Persian mendacity, and states that the habit of telling falsehoods is so generally recognized that a native does not feel insulted when he is accused of it. He mentions an instance of it in the case of a baker whom he had cured of a cataract in the eye:

"For this cure," he says, "I was rewarded with the sum of four pounds, and, as the man was a thriving tradesman and well-to-do, I thought him the obliged party; but he regretted the four pounds. One day, as I was sitting in the dispensary surrounded by a crowd of sick and their friends and relatives, a melancholy procession entered the room. The baker, with a rag of different color over each eye and a huge white bandage round his head, was led, or rather supported, into the apartment; and, on my expressing astonishment, his relatives informed me that his sight was quite gone through my unfortunate treatment, and that he had come to get his four pounds back, and any compensation for the loss of his eyes that I might be pleased to make would be thankfully accepted.

"Ah sahib! dear sahib, I am now stone-blind!" he said.

"Here, with extended arms, he advanced to my table, and the assembled crowd shook their heads.

"I had some difficulty in getting him to remove his many bandages; but, on looking at his eyes, I

saw that his vision, as I had supposed, was extremely good. I naturally was very angry; for, letting the ingratitude of the man alone, I did not care to be robbed of the credit of a cure in so public a manner. I did not take long to decide what to do. Among other antiquated instruments that had accumulated in the dispensary was a large amputating-knife in a leather-box. I got this box from the cupboard and placed it before me. Taking my seat, with the man on the other side of my table, I addressed him:

"Of course, if I have deprived you of your sight, it is only fair that I should remunerate you and return you the money you have paid me."

"A beatific smile spread over his face.

"Ah sahib! I know you are a great and generous sahib! I am sure you would not wrong a poor Mussulman. O sahib! I want nothing but justice!"

"And what, my friend, do you consider justice?"

"O sahib! doctor sahib! if you would refund the four pounds that I paid, and give me, say forty pounds, even less, for my eyes, I should pray for you—yes, I and my family—we should all pray for you!"

"Here the supporters and family chimed in: 'Yes, yes; he has spoken well;' and the crowd of interested patients and their friends whispered approbation.

"Yes," said I, "this is what ought to be done; there is no denying it in the case you describe. But—and here I began to shout—"but what should be done to a man who comes here with a lie in his mouth? Know you, bystanders, that this man is a liar? he sees perfectly!"

"Here the patient shook off his supporters and grasped my table, turning pale.

"Ah!" I shouted, "you dog, I will enlighten your eyes!" And, opening suddenly the morocco-case, I produced the huge, glittering, old amputating knife and brandished it in his face.

"Without a word, he nimbly turned and fled down my staircase, pursued by my servants, the two sentries, and the more active of my patients' friends."

THE BUSTLING MAN.—The bustling, hurrying man, as a matter of fact, is a poor worker and accomplishes comparatively little in a day. Too much of his steam-power is expended in "kicking up a dust." The habit of hurrying and of feeling in a hurry is fatal to good work and diminishes the amount of work a man can get through with. The friction is too great. So little of practical value is accomplished, despite all the superfluous expenditure of energy, that he cannot go home at night with the sweet consciousness of duty done, of a day's work completed. He has left too many stitches to be taken up.



SUNRISE.



SUNSET.

SUNRISE.

LO! the glorious morning breaks!
 Nature from her sleep awakes,
 And in purple pomp the day
 Bids the darkness flee away.
 Crowned with light, the mountains stand
 Royally on either hand,
 And the laughing waters run
 In glad haste to meet the sun.
 Stately trees, exultant, raise
 Their proud heads in grateful praise;
 Flowers, dew laden, everywhere
 Pour rich incense on the air,
 And the ascending vapors rise
 Like the smoke of sacrifice.
 Birds are trilling, bees are humming,
 Swift to meet the new day coming,
 And earth's myriad voices sing
 Hymns of grateful welcoming.
 Bursting from night's heavy thrall,
 Heaven's own light is over all!

MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

SUNSET.

THE golden sea its mirror spreads
 Beneath the golden skies,
 And but a narrow strip between
 Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds,
 Dissolved in glory float,
 And, midway of the radiant flood,
 Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,
 The sky a sea as well,
 And which is earth and which the heavens
 The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for us the evening hour
 Soft passing shall descend,
 May glory born of earth and heaven
 The earth and heavens blend.

Flooded with peace, the spirit float,
 With silent rapture glow,
 Till where earth ends and heaven begins
 The soul shall never know.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

INBORN ability is a precious boon; but when it is supposed to compensate for painstaking industry or studious preparation, it loses all its prestige. There is no mistake more fatal than that which imagines genius to be independent of labor. Only through labor can it be developed and made to bear fruit.

AN ECHO FROM THE OLD PIANO.

O GRANDMA dear! I'm sorry, indeed I'm awfully sorry, but I couldn't help it. It looked so queer that I wanted to hear how it sounded, so I opened it, and indeed I did not play very hard upon it, for I had scarcely touched it when some of the strings snapped and almost frightened me to death." And looking down with much confusion, Gladys twisted the ring on her finger, dreading to encounter the stern and angry look upon her grandmother's face.

"Of course, child, you are not supposed to know the full extent of the mischief you have done, but you had no right to meddle with things that do not belong to you. Gladys Firman, that piano has never been touched by mortal hand since your Aunt Candace died, full forty years ago—full forty years ago."

Then Gladys knew that she had erred almost beyond forgiveness, for this dead Aunt Candace had been her mother's idol, and had taken the old lady's heart with her into her quiet grave.

No one had ever seen Mrs. Firman smile since the death of her daughter, not even the endeavors of her brilliant and devoted son, Gladys' father, appearing sufficient to dispel the persistent gloom in which she had enveloped herself. Yet she was a comely old lady, and, notwithstanding the coldness of her gray eyes and the severe lines about the mouth, her stately presence was a fitting centerpiece to the old-fashioned parlor in which she stood. It was a large, square room, with high ceiling, bordered by a heavy and elaborate molding, the bright afternoon light carefully excluded by board shutters, which could be pushed at will back into the wall quite out of sight. In the cool twilight one could see the handsome old mahogany chairs, covered with hair-cloth and thickly studded with brass-headed nails, arranged stiffly against the wall, as though they had stepped aside, and, conservatively holding their state, looked down with high-bred contempt on the very modern little maiden, who, in torn gingham dress, straw hat, and tumbled hair, stood leaning against the ancient piano that had been the cause of all her trouble. A long, high mirror in narrow, gilt frame, with a bunch of peacock feathers thrust behind it on either side, reflected the graceful, shame-faced girl and the precise, but elegant, figure of her grandmother. A delicate perfume of rose-leaves and lavender pervaded the room and heightened the rare effect of the antique surroundings.

Into this holy of holies, seldom opened save on some state occasion, had the desecrating feet of Gladys strayed this bright spring afternoon. Curiosity gained the victory, and, after a struggle of several moments' duration, she had stealthily crept in, carefully shutting the door behind her.

She wandered around the room, looking curiously into the well-preserved annuals on the spindle-legged, highly polished table; had almost laughed aloud at the funny pictures on the Japanese tea-trays, and with bated breath had even peered into the closet, gazing with wondering eyes upon its wealth of silver and delicate china, much of it having belonged to generations who had long since crumbled into dust.

Finally, she stood before the funny old piano, which, with its inlaid rosewood and thin legs, reminded one, by its antique stateliness, of an ancient gentleman in his court-dress. Should she open it? No — she dared not, and



"FINALLY, SHE STOOD BEFORE THE OLD PIANO."

passed on, but something seemed to draw her back, and stronger and stronger grew the temptation. At first, with timid hand, she tried the cover, not meaning to open it, but, finding it unlocked, lifted it higher and higher, ever furtively listening, until at last, with a sigh of relief, she beheld its treasure disclosed. Gladys stood before it, not daring, as yet, to awaken its long-silent voice. Something, she could not tell what, appeared to restrain her hand.

Could it be that the spirit of the girl who had "died forty years ago" now hovered over her,

invoked by the first sacrilegious invasion of her property. But at fourteen such feelings are not apt to leave a deep impression on the mind, and presently Gladys softly touched the keys. A faint, shrill, but sweet sound startled the air, causing her to stop with a shiver, but, as use accustoms us to all that is strange, she became bolder and bolder, striking the strings with more and more confidence as she became engrossed in her performance.

Alas! the ancient piano could bear no more, and with a sharp, metallic twang the strings broke asunder. Mrs. Firman, busy in a distant part of the house, and oblivious of this desecration of her household gods, was interrupted in her occupation by a faint, far-distant sound, which insensibly jarred upon a painful chord. What could it be? She stood transfixed and listened intently; a superstitious feeling took possession of her heart and oppressed her breathing; louder and more distinctly it sounded again and yet again, and breathlessly, and with as rapid steps as old age permitted, she hurried in the direction of the parlor, arriving at the door just in time to hear the final catastrophe and confront the almost paralyzed Gladys, who had sprung to her feet in alarm.

A sharp pang of remorse struck the child's heart as she looked into the troubled face of her grandmother, and she would have given worlds if she had not transgressed her commands.

Mrs. Firman was too greatly disturbed to further reprimand Gladys at this time, and could only say, in stern, deeply offended tones:

"Go to your room, Gladys; I do not wish to see you again to-day."

And Gladys softly crept away, only too glad to escape from the scene of her mishap. Then a revulsion of feeling passed over her, and with a flood of tears she sobbed:

"O dear! O dear! I'm the most wretched girl that ever lived; seems to me I'm always doing something

dreadful, and now I suppose grandma will never forgive me. I do wish that I had let the miserable old thing alone." And amidst her sobs and vain regrets she slowly mounted the stairs toward her room.

At the door she paused, and after a few minutes' thought turned off into a narrow passage-way and opened a door at the end. A steep staircase was disclosed, and Gladys, ascending this with a lighter foot, entered her own peculiar sanctum, the garret and lumber-room of this century-old house. She took her usual place on the broad seat of the

dormer window, and looked out, through her tears, on the beautiful landscape beyond.

Apple-blossom time of year it was, and through the open window wafted in their sweet perfume, with now and then a pink-and-white flake from the bough that swung outside.

Without, all was brightness and beauty. Freshly and gayly had the young spring arrived, crowned with a coronet of violets and arbutus. His laughing face peeped roguishly forth from between the tender blades of grass so delicately green, from the young leaves just budding forth, from the perfect mist of bloom showered upon the orchards, and bestowed a bewitching charm on the stern gray rock and pale blue sky.

Inside was the accumulation of years gone by. In one corner stood an old eight-day clock, long since run down and rendered dumb forever by the corroding influences of time and rust. Near at hand was an ancient spinning-wheel, its voice as silent as that of the fair spinner who long ago had been laid away to rest, wrapped, perhaps, in the linen woven by her own nimble fingers. Funny, high-backed chairs, some minus one thin leg, some wanting a seat, and others still whole, but leaning in feebleness against the wall, appeared to utter a faint protest against their too-long-extended life. In the gloom of another corner stood a ghostly set of drawers, that even Gladys, with all her curiosity, had never ventured to open. But best of all to Gladys was the old book-case, with its wealth of wonderful books, revealing to her the marvelous tales of early English imagination. The *Faerie Queene* had opened a new world to her, and Una and her brave knights became the emblems of beauty and bravery. Over the *Morte d'Arthur* she had pored until she had learned its tales of knightly chivalry by heart. Of all the heroes she chose Sir Galahad, "the pure and perfect," who never turned from his sacred quest for maid or demon, and whom temptation could only try but not overcome. And it was thus that she, too, had resolved to be good and brave over and over again, and as often had she failed, and had come here to weep over that failure in bitterness of heart.

"O dear Sir Galahad!" she now exclaimed, stretching out her arms, tears running over her cheeks, "I never, never shall be fit to see the Holy Grail. I'm not like you, so good and pure, only a miserable, unhappy girl. I don't see why I can't do as people tell me. It must be that one of Merlin's evil spirits has entered my heart." And thus she sobbed, leaning her head back against the casement.

Presently, the soft west wind exerted its soothing influence, cooling her fevered brow and eyes and quieting her perturbed spirit; a delicious languor stole over her, and with half-closed eyes she repeated her hero's words:

"Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear,
'O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on, the prize is near.'
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange,
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail."

Her voice grew fainter and fainter, her eyes gradually closed, and Gladys was fast asleep. The child looked peaceful and happy enough now.

O blissful sleep of childhood! that steeps the spirit in its perfect rest, the next-best gift to that heaven of which it is the border-ground!

Sleep on, little maid, with thy brown curls pillowed on the old, worm-eaten casement, thy dark lashes sweeping thy rosy cheeks and hiding the soft gray eyes; sleep on and take thy ease. Mayhap thy feet will stray in thorny paths ere many years, thy fair young brow become wrinkled with care, and thy heart heavy; for of thy future who can tell? One thing alone we know, that He, who sees "even the fall of the sparrow," will not forget His human children. Happy may thy future be, and bright as the sunny, blossomy background of which thou art the central figure!

The shadows grew deeper and deeper as the afternoon advanced. The lowing of the cattle returning from their pastures and the evening twittering of the birds fell softly on the ear and spoke, as plainly as the shadows, that the day was waning. Darker and deeper fell the twilight. Still Gladys slept; and now a strange thing happened in the dusty old garret.

From out the growing shadows stepped softly forth a fair, sad maiden, all in white. Her long, dark hair was unconfined, and swept about her like a veil, and large, melancholy eyes looked from out a pale, grief-stricken face. Her flowing robe descended to her feet and vied in color with the deathly pallor of her face. One hand was pressed to her heart as though in pain, and in the other she held—the broken piano-strings! A soft moaning issued from her colorless lips; and a great pity, quite unmingled with fear, filled the heart of Gladys to see so fair a maid so all forlorn.

Gently a sweet, low voice fell upon her ear: "O my heart!" it murmured, "my poor heart; it has broken with the strings. Who could have been so cruel as to have disturbed my quiet rest and summoned me back to earthly things once more? What shall I do to find my rest again? All is so changed I know not where I am. Ah me! ah me!" And the fair, wan hands were bitterly wrung and a more sorrowful moaning disturbed the evening air.

But now behold! A soft, bright light dispelled the twilight, and from it shone a knightly form in

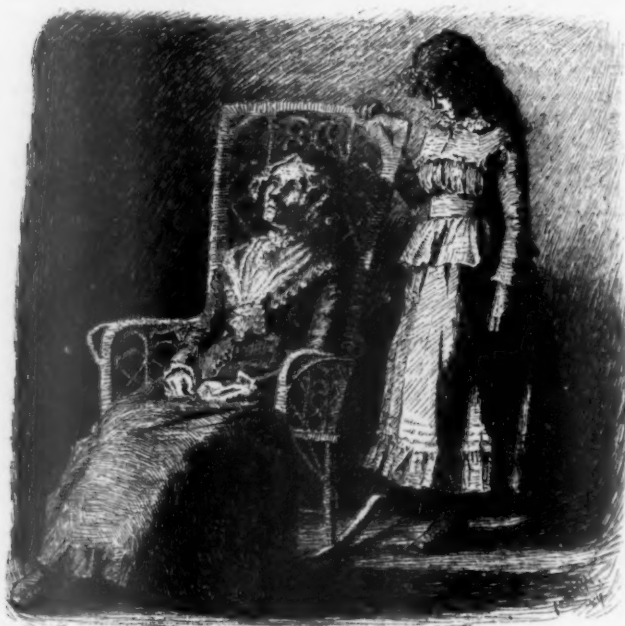
radiant white armor. Around his waist was bound a broad sword-belt of plaited hair, clasped by a brilliant ruby, whereon was engraved a strange device. In his hand he held a glittering golden chalice full of sparkling wine, which perfumed the air with its delicious fragrance and illuminated the dingy room with a roseate hue. His visor was thrown back, and Gladys thought she had never seen so joyful, so peaceful a countenance. His eyes, of deepest blue, shone with a glorious happiness, his fair young brow bore the impress of an infinite peace and love, and his voice was

itself, given by our Blessed Lord at the Last Supper to those who mourned for Him. Afterward the world grew old in sin and He removed it from them and hid it from their sight, and it was only to the steadfast knight, who bravely resisted all temptation and fulfilled his obligations, that it was at last to be revealed and become the recompense of his faithfulness.

"Many were the mountains I climbed, as one by one my comrades dropped away from me. Many were the deep rivers I crossed; many a rough road was pressed by my bleeding feet; full

oft I stumbled and fell, dying, as I thought, from hunger and thirst. Burnt by the noonday sun, chilled by the damps of night, and frozen by the winter's frost, yet ever kept I in mind my quest, ever before me shone the glorious cup, celestial music ever sounded in mine ears, and when at last my task was done and my sight failed, my breath came short and thick and life slowly ebbd away, then—then, close to my lips was held the Holy Grail, and I knew that I had not lived and striven in vain.

"Small, then, seemed all my sufferings, small my privations, in the glory of this great joy. Have hope then, maiden dear; thy rest shall be restored to thee. Hold out the broken strings, emblems of thy wounded heart, and this shall heal them." And he



"DEAR GRANDMA, WILL YOU FORGIVE ME?"

as heavenly music, so deep, so sweet, so tender were its accents as he spoke:

"Dear ladye faire, why weepst thou so bitterly? What wrong hath brought thee to this sorrowful plight? Speak without fear; for I am God's sworn knight and pledged protector of injured innocence."

Slowly she turned and gazed upon him, her tears arrested in the act of falling, and as though irresistibly impelled to speak, she answered:

"Art thou Sir Galahad, the pure and perfect? Ah! then indeed I may find solace. Tell me, kind sir, where shall I search to find my rest again?"

"I am indeed that knight whom thou hast named. Behold this jewel at my belt, a token of the Holy Grail; and in this cup which joyously I bear in my right hand you see the Divine Gift

poured forth a few drops of the sparkling wine. It ran over the strings as liquid fire and left them reunited.

The maiden's sorrowful face changed to an expression of blissful happiness, the lines drawn by grief vanished, and slowly the vision of her tender beauty faded away. Gently the light died out, gradually obscuring the stately figure of the knight and leaving the old garret dingier than ever, and Gladys still fast asleep. Now she moved uneasily, and, sitting up, looked around her with a bewildered air.

"Where are they?" she murmured; but no answer came, save the low sighing of the night-wind among the apple-boughs. The soft moonlight streamed in at the window, falling upon her upturned face, casting queer shadows upon the floor, and by its contrasting light rendering the dark

corners darker than ever. Tremblingly did Gladys creep down-stairs, casting many a timid look behind and starting with every creak of the old steps.

Closing the garret-door gently, she entered her own room and sat down to think. She went over and over in her mind all that had happened, and as she recalled the expression on her grandmother's face her penitence grew deeper and deeper.

"Never mind your pride, Gladys," she finally said to herself, "you have been a naughty, meddlesome girl, and if your grandma was angry with you it only served you right."

Then she fell to wondering at her strange vision, and so vividly it impressed upon her memory that she could recall the slightest circumstance connected with it.

"Yes indeed," she soliloquized; "I suppose this is one of my mountains and it must be climbed somehow. It's pretty hard for me to go to grandma and ask her to forgive me, especially as she has so often scolded me when I know I haven't deserved it; but then I know I'm wrong now, and so, Sir Galahad, I'll try to be like you this time, and do that which I know to be my duty. I'll go to grandma and tell her that I am very sorry I was so meddlesome and how hard I do try to be good, and I'll ask her to help me; for she is so much older than I am that she must know a great deal better about such things than I." And armed with this resolution, but with beating heart and nervous breath, she descended to the family-room, in which she was sure to find Mrs. Firman at this evening hour.

She was there, as Gladys had anticipated, and she could see the old lady in her straight-backed rocking-chair, with the moonlight streaming over her neat form and lighting up her beautiful white hair. Her face bore an expression of unusual softness, giving Gladys courage to advance and lay her hand timidly on the back of the chair, saying, in tearful tones:

"Dear grandma, will you forgive me? I am so sorry. Indeed, I mean to be good; and won't you please to help me do what is right?"

There was a pause, and Gladys was moving sorrowfully away, when the old lady turned, holding out her arms and speaking in trembling tones:

"Come to me, little Gladys, and we will try to be good together."

With a joyful cry, Gladys sprang into her grandmother's arms, her face moistened by the tears of the old lady; and thus we will leave them, in the light of the cool and quiet spring moon, with peace and love reigning in their hearts, and more closely united than ever in the bonds of a common sympathy.

H. S. A.

AS DEAR to God is the poor peasant as the mighty prince.—PLATO.

FAITHFUL AS A DOG.

FOR long hours the drunken man lay beside the board-fence among the rank weeds. The hot afternoon sun poured its burning rays upon his upturned face and hands.

Had he no friends? Would no one do anything for him—not even place his head in a more comfortable position? I knew I could do nothing myself, even if I had the moral courage to face the eyes and tongues of the unbelievers that there is any good in a man who gets himself so helplessly drunk—and there were a good many, if the number of contemptuous speeches hurled at the prostrate man for his *very un-beastly condition* was any criterion.

I still hoped and looked for some one to come along who had a like feeling for the poor man with myself, and possibly we might gather courage enough between us to render the man a kindness. But no; all passed by—some not even looking at him, "passing him by on the other side" in spirit, knowing full well he had "fallen among thieves," who had robbed him utterly.

How they passed—the well-dressed and the ill-dressed—some peering into his face, mostly the ill-dressed, and it has its significance, perhaps pity perhaps to see if it was one of theirs; for the man was rumpled and dirty, if not ragged.

One well-dressed lady came slowly and thoughtfully along the street, with prayer-book and hymn-book in her hands. She stopped an instant to look at him, but not with much interest; she did not even stoop over him, but gave her opinion readily enough: "Poor wretch!" Yes, that was it, and perhaps that was all the pity he deserved; for by his own voluntary act he was brought to that—who shall say? But I could not help thinking how he must suffer when he should come to himself after that long exposure to the hot afternoon sun.

The next that came along took notice of him, not in kindness, but in wanton sport—a crowd of boys. One boy had a whip in his hand, and, as the others were making their characteristic smart speeches, supposed to be wit among themselves, I saw him gather himself to give the man a blow; and, as the blow came down with a sharp sound, they all ran screaming away, as if they expected the man to rouse up and chase them; but he never moved. And then another, the biggest and the boldest, probably, said: "Give me the whip and I'll fetch him one." And he did, with such cruel enjoyment pictured on his face! Then he ran back to his companions; but the last blow had no more effect than the first, and when they found their cruel sport was not really being suffered by their victim, they contented themselves, as they walked away, by throwing stones and sticks, making a few more bruises on the poor, ill-used body.

Just once I thought a friend had found him. A poor woman with three ragged little girls came down the street as if they were looking for some one. When one of the girls, a little in advance, caught sight of the man in the weeds, she exclaimed: "Oh! here he is, mamma!" The woman hurried forward; but one look, and she placed her hand back to prevent the children from coming any nearer. She shook her head and they passed on. Poor woman! That little scene spoke volumes of suffering. Was she looking for the husband and father and expecting to find him thus? My pity nearly forsook the man in following out the thought.

Only once he roused up to a sitting position; but his motions were very uncertain and painful, and he gave vent to his bad and uncomfortable feelings by cursing and swearing horribly, while striking and clutching about him in such a vicious way. One more lurch, more violent than the rest, as he made a lunge at an imaginary enemy, and he fell back nearly into the path, apparently as lifeless as before. The hope that he would get up and go died away. I should still have to endure the painful sight. I reflected that possibly if he had any friends they might be afraid to be even kind to him when he was drunk, for he swore and struck about him so the few moments he sat up, I felt sure I should not dare go near him after seeing it. It was evident that personal safety demanded a proper distance at such times, for he was a large, powerful man, in the prime of life, and a blow from his fist was something to be dreaded. A shudder crept over me of dread and horror of the man, as imagination made pictures of his possible home and all the deeds of drunken cruelty done there.

I was standing by the window, as I had been doing by spells all the afternoon, when my attention was attracted to a large dog coming down the street at slow trot, bearing something in his mouth. He seemed to be sharply on the alert for something, looking from side to side. As he drew nearer I saw it was part of a loaf of bread he was carrying. It was something I had never seen before, and I was watching leisurely, wondering where he got it and what he was going to do with it. I looked to see if any one was accompanying him, but no one seemed to take any notice of him except in a curious way, the same as I did. Suddenly, as he came opposite the drunken man in the weeds, he gave a sniff and bounded toward him. Barking as he bounded, he dropped his bread, but kept his way to the man, and by sundry laps and whines he gave sure signs of recognition. Then he ran back and brought the bread in his mouth to the man.

Well, I have heard of dogs being taught to care for their masters, but if ever a dog tried to feed anything that dog tried to feed the man with the

bread. He moved the bread two or three times in different directions, and seemed to make every effort to direct the man's attention to it; and even after the man had gotten into a sitting position he placed the bread in the man's lap, rearing up at the same time, placing his forepaws on his shoulders, as if to invite him to eat, which act nearly threw the man prostrate again.

After some drunken fumbling, the man shuffled the bread into his coat-pocket, and staggered to his feet.

I cannot tell what the dog thought, but these are the facts: He brought the bread and tried to feed the man. When he found the man fairly on his feet, his jumping and frisking about was the most joyous ever seen. He bounded ahead, probably in the direction of home, the man staggering after.

The poor dog had not come off scot-free in his endeavors to succor the man, but he had dodged most of the blows with expertness and continued his kind offices, and only gave a little, yelping whine when the heavy fist came down upon him.

Well, the man certainly had one friend. As far as I could see them I watched, with anxious, delighted wonder, the dog's demonstrations of friendly joy at finding his master. All my gloomy thoughts fled in watching them, thanks to the real friendship of that dog for that man.

EMILIE EGAN.

AN OCTOBER NIGHT.

GIVE me a matchless night!
Not such as June, but as October gives,
When the spirit of Summer wakes again,
And, in the soft moonlight,
Bright, willful Fancy lives,
And all of Fancy's reeling, reckless train.

Give me a night like this,
And I will weave romances fine as mist,
Or as the vain Arachne's slender bridge,
Whereon, with fairy bliss,
Oberon, flying, kissed
The loth Titania, deluding midge.

Let shadows, here and there,
The glowing whiteness of the moonlight bar
With blendings such as pearls on velvet make,
And I will boldly swear
I see Mab's rolling car,
With all its gilded followers in wake.

But let tree-tops whisper,
And straightway will I say, Hark, Ariel sings
And saying, think I hear his ling'ring note
Growing fainter, crisper,
Timed to the whirring wings
That bear him by safe seated on a mote.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

VIOLA: A FESTIVAL STORY.

IT is the festival week in Milborough, and to the careworn toilers in that vast workshop, where beauty is as unknown as the sight of unfolding leaves or the sound of the song of birds, the great triennial festival comes like a veritable gift of God. To these sons of Adam, who seem to have inherited only his curse, come hours when memories of Paradise revisit them on wings of melody, and the black, busy town lies hushed and enchanted under the spell of a conductor's baton.

For one week out of every hundred and fifty-six the souls that have lost their birthright of Nature's free and abundant beauty may come and drink that royal wine out of the cups of Art. For this one week the sordid and the commonplace shall be overlaid with "patines of bright gold;" the dumb and inarticulate longings that underlie the dust and stain of daily life shall find a voice, though it may be only a gush of unbidden tears; and men shall understand why there are songs in Heaven, since song can make a heaven even of an earth like theirs.

It is not in the side-galleries of the great Town Hall, where a languidly critical audience lounges and flirts, and whispers criticisms of the soloists, that full appreciation of the festival is to be found.

It is in the dense masses in the Great Gallery that have paid the price of a meal for admission, and stood with dogged perseverance three hours to secure a good place. It is in the breathless crowd outside, following the score of "Comfort ye" with patient fingers, yearning, straining ear and nerve, as the high note approaches that must float through those open windows. Hush! that was E; but a G is coming. A cab is coming, too, rattling along with noisy wheels and threatening to mar the critical moment. But the cabman, meeting that sea of half-furious, half-imploing faces, checks his horse an instant while the tide of harmony rolls clear and high, and falls in golden spray on the thirsty crowd without. Then it drops to something that is almost silence, and only a confused hum of instruments is heard. That, at least, is what it appears to the young man in the cab; but to the listening crowd, with that precious score before them, it seems impossible that they do not actually hear, that they are only following, with eager imagination, the swell of horn and bassoon and ophicleide, the roll and boom of drum, the soft breathings of flute and clarinet, the spring and soar and ineffable sweetness of violins.

Arthur Delanoy, driving from one station to another, and conscious that longer delay will lose his train, cannot find it in his heart to hurry his driver. Let him go softly, at the foot-pace that will lose the train, rather than lose for these hungry, famishing men and women the crumbs

from the banquet of sweet sounds on which their starved souls are feasting! He laughs a little under the moustache that hides an almost too sensitive mouth at his own touch of sentiment, and suddenly determines to give up his train and go hear for himself the great oratorio whose mere echoes can so move and sway the hearts of men.

He jumps out, a lithe, active, strong limbed young giant, with soft brown hair and eyes that are dark and wistful as a woman's, and flings the driver his fare; and the empty cab rattles away, going, some of the people think, over their very heart-strings, for the great soloist is singing "Every valley," and they are wild and mad to hear.

The seats are all taken, of course, but Mr. Arthur Delanoy knows the secret of the Golden Key, and a double fee soon finds him standing-room in a corner of one of the side galleries. It is too near the orchestra for comfort, but is in the most fashionable, and, therefore—the box-keeper considers—the best part of the hall.

Mr. Delanoy is quite insensible to this. The wealth and fashion of Milborough do not appeal to him nor suit his taste, and he turns indifferently from the two or three pretty girls whom his entrance has disturbed, and who are glancing at him with not unnatural curiosity, and, leaning back against the wall, gives his attention to the music. It is so long since he heard an oratorio, and life has come to look so different to him since then. He remembers the last time only too well, thinking, rather unreasonably, that a good memory is quite as often a curse as a blessing, and wondering what fatuous folly induced him to come in here this morning—here where he cannot but remember what it would be so much wiser to forget.

For it was at a festival that he saw her last—a festival not among the smoke and grime and roar of Milborough, but in one of the fair cities of the Three Choirs, where the voice of Praise ascends to Heaven from the very homes of Prayer; a festival he will never forget, for to him it was made a "thing of beauty and a joy forever" by the fair, sweet face of Viola Greville. It is long ago now—a space of two whole years, which counts for much in the calendar of youth—but he has never been able to hear music since without thinking of her, without seeing the fair, pure face, with its deep blue eyes and wealth of rippling hair, without hearing the marvelous voice that even in speech was sweeter than the song of others, and that is a singer's somewhere in the wide world now.

So much he knows of her, and no more. He had gone back to college after the festival that Viola's beauty had seemed to crown and set apart as a very flower and queen of festivals, and when he came home at Christmas she was gone.

There had been a crash and a sale at "The

Cedars," and the place was let to strangers, and no one knew what had become of the Grevilles.

"There was something shady about it," his father had told him. "I never knew exactly what, but I understand Greville's hands were not quite clean. Anyway, people said so, and I believe it broke his heart. He never held up his head, and refused to see any of his old friends."

"And Viola?" the young man had asked, feel-

at any rate; but no, she was quite determined to go with her father; and from that hour to this, we've neither seen nor heard anything more of them."

"I should think not," said Arthur, shortly. He, at least, understood the proud, unrelenting silence. Neither Viola nor her father were likely to receive alms from those who thought any stain of shame or fraud lay upon them; and had not his



"HE CAME AND WATCHED HER AS HER NEEDLE WENT TO AND FRO." p. 561.

ing as if the ground were away under his feet and the room turning dizzily around. "And Viola?"

They could tell him nothing but that she had gone with her father from the wreck of their home, saying proudly that while she had a voice, at least they need not starve. Help had been offered them, and declined.

"I'd have taken her as governess for little Tottie," said Mr. Delanoy. "She wasn't to blame,

father said, "There was something shady about it?"

Very likely there was, but not with the innocent girl, or the scarcely less innocent man, whose dreamy, unpractical ways were the jest of the neighborhood, and whose confiding disposition rendered him so liable to be imposed upon.

Arthur said no more about it—what good could talking do?—but he never got over the blow. It was a year now since he left Oxford, and he was

supposed to be reading for the Bar, but there was no heart in his work and little hope in his life. He knew now—now that it was too late—that his heart and his hopes had both lain in Viola Greville's fair, girlish hand. Why had he never found courage to tell her so before she passed out of his life forever?

And then he roused himself as the opening strains of the chorus, "For unto us," rose softly in the great hall. A great leader was conducting, and the trebles opened very softly indeed. The instruments were hushed to faintest *pianissimo*, and the voices soared sweet and high, as the lark's song soars above the carol of the hedge-row birds.

It seemed almost possible to distinguish voices, and Arthur's heart suddenly thrilled as a girl's pure soprano rang out close beside him. He turned and looked, and the sudden clash and swell of sound seemed like the voice of a prophet. "Wonderful!" sang six hundred voices as the voice of one, and the whole vast orchestra responded with infinite notes of brass and string and dulcet pipe and flute.

It was wonderful; for there—now three yards from him, with a sudden sunbeam lighting her golden hair and tears of pent emotion and an artist's rapture in her eyes—was Viola, his Viola, singing in the great chorus as perhaps the angels sing in Heaven.

She did not see him, did not even look his way, till the chorus was nearly over, and then it seemed as if some mysterious power, some sympathy too fine for analysis, drew her eyes to his, and a great peace fell upon his soul. "Peace!" The chorus was ending and the divine word was echoing through the hall, but there was a little confusion in the orchestra, for a girl had fainted with that word upon her lips, and a man, looking a little wild, had vaulted over the barrier and knelt by her side. They took her out and he followed, but only to be confronted by a feeble, shabby old man in a threadbare coat, who lifted a napless hat and replied to his eager greeting with chilling coldness.

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Delaney; we shall do very well now. My daughter is reviving. There is no need to trouble you further. I have the honor to wish you good-morning."

"But I may come and see you, Mr. Greville—you and Viola?" cried Arthur. "Viola, you will not turn away from me like this? At least, tell me where you live."

But they were already gone, disappearing down some passage his unfamiliar eyes had failed to mark.

The young man looked after them with a white, bewildered face, and some one took pity on his pain.

"No. 8 Austin Road," said a girl standing by.

VOL. LII.—40.

"They keep themselves to themselves, but I said I'd find out where they lived and I done it."

Arthur thanked her and went out into the patient crowd, standing with their open books in the hot August sun; and, asking his way of one and another in the dusty streets, found himself at last at No. 8 Austin Road.

"Mr. Greville aint at 'ome," said the untidy girl who answered the door, "but Miss V'ler's up-stairs."

She clattered up slipshod, and, briefly announcing, "A gent to see you, Miss V'ler!" opened the door and retreated with a giggle.

It was a poor, little, carpetless room, with a high, old-fashioned window, veiled by dingy dimity curtains. In the instant of pausing in the doorway, he took in all the commonplace details—the second-hand bureau against the wall, with its ragged little stuffed bird in a square glass case; the black-framed Scripture-prints, the gaudy table-cover, the common chair on which Viola was sitting.

And then she turned and saw him and stood up, with a white, proud face, in which no welcome shone.

"I hear that Mr. Greville is out—may I come in and wait for him?" he asked, humbly—more humbly than if he had found her in a palace with belted knights on guard.

She was so poor and so much alone, this sweet, lost love of his, and all the chivalry of his nature went out to do her homage and to restrain voice and eye before her. Coming along through the long, hideous streets, that grew narrower and meaner as he went, he had told himself that he would lose no time in making known his love; but he found himself suddenly tongue-tied and fettered by the accidents of her position that would have given confidence to a lower-natured man. It was so strange to him to see her amidst these humble surroundings—so strange and so intolerable that, when he had asked if she was better and wondered at the flush that mounted to her brow as she answered: "Certainly; it was only the heat," he could hardly find a word to say. The weather and the festival were soon exhausted; any topics are soon exhausted when one of the interlocutors answers "yes" and "no" in a level voice and sits persistently sewing. He had bought a flower as he came along, a creamy spray of myrtle that appealed to him from a florist's window with a hundred memories of her old home and of happy loiterings in the corner of the great conservatory, where the myrtles grew; but though she smiled and thanked him, she laid it down indifferently and went on with her work.

He came and watched her as her needle went to and fro, leaning on the table and wondering if she would ever look up.

"It is very pretty," he said, touching the delicate fabric she was sewing; "is it your dress?"

"Mine! Oh! no. It is for a lady I work for."

If he had received a blow straight between the eyes it would have been less of a shock than this calm reply. His dumb horror somehow made itself felt, and she lifted her eyes with a sad little smile.

"Do not mind so much," she said, gently. "It was better than letting him want. And it is at least honest," she added, bitterly, with a flash of her eyes that seemed to pierce his heart.

"Viola!" he cried, "is it possible you fancy I think that— Don't I know him too well? Don't I care too much for him—and for you?"

There was a quiver on the sweet, sensitive lips, but she only said, very low:

"Your father thought so."

"Are his sins to be visited on me?" cried Arthur, passionately. "Does it matter what he thinks? Does it matter what any one thinks to you and to me? We know your father is incapable of wronging any one. And, Viola, there must surely be papers, documents somewhere that would show it."

"Yes," she cried, eagerly. "I always thought so; I am sure of it. But his head gets confused and I do not know enough to help him."

"But I do," cried the young man, joyfully.

"Only give me the right to help him, to work for him, and I will not rest till his good name is restored."

And Viola did not refuse.

When she stood up in the chorus that night a spray of myrtle was on her breast, and in her heart was a "Hymn of Praise" that went straight up to Heaven with her song.

A year later, Arthur's efforts were crowned with success and Mr. Greville's innocence was conclusively proved.

And then, and then only, Viola became Arthur Delanoy's wife.

"Not that I minded for myself, dear," she said, "but I could not bear to bring a stain upon your name."

There was no fear of that now. All the world knew that the fraud had lain with others, and Mr. Greville lifted his head once more among his fellow-men.

"Only never forget, father," said Viola, "that he believed in you before he knew."

It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame, about what the world says of us; to be always looking into the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices. If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame, and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral-bell that tolls them to their early graves.

TURNING THE TABLES ARTISTICALLY.

THE celebrated singer, Marietta Alboni, was noted for her courage and *sang-froid*, says a writer in a German newspaper. On the eve of a performance to be given in Trieste, she was informed of the existence of a plot to hiss her off the stage. Having ascertained the names of her detractors and where they could be found, she donned male attire, her tall, robust figure and short hair helping to complete the disguise, and went to the café where the conspirators held their rendezvous. She found them in full consultation. After listening awhile, the lady addressed the ringleader as follows:

"I hear that you intend to play a trick on somebody. I am very fond of a practical joke myself, and should be glad if you would allow me to join you on this occasion."

"With pleasure," was the reply. "We intend to hiss an operatic singer off the stage this evening."

"Indeed! What has she been guilty of?"

"Oh! nothing, except that, being an Italian, she has sung in Vienna and Munich to German audiences; and we think she ought to receive some slight castigation for her unpatriotic conduct!"

"I quite agree with you; and now please to tell me what I have to do."

"Take this whistle. At a signal to be given at the conclusion of the air sung by Rosina, the noise will begin, in which you have only to join."

"I shall do so without fail," replied Alboni, and put the whistle in her pocket.

On the following evening the house was crowded from floor to ceiling. The opera was *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. The opening airs, sung by Almaviva and Figaro, both favorites with the public, were received with great applause. Then Madame Alboni, as Rosini, appeared on the stage. At the moment when she was about to address her tutor, a few of the conspirators began to set up a row without waiting for the signal. The lady, without showing the slightest concern, advanced to the footlights, and, holding up the whistle, which was attached to her neck by a ribbon, said, with a knowing smile:

"Gentlemen, are you not a little before your time? I thought we were not to commence whistling until after I had sung the air."

There was a death-like stillness. Then suddenly thundering applause, begun by the conspirators themselves, resounded from all parts of the house; Alboni had gained the day. Before the audience retired she was called eleven times before the curtain and received showers of wreaths and bouquets.

A CHILD may first set off; a giant cannot stop.
—TRENCH.

ONE WOMAN'S LIFETIME.

BY ISADORE ROGERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR story leads away from Texas' sunny plains to a wild and rugged spot among the "Rockies."

The place is green with summer foliage, but far above the timber-line the snow-bound peaks glitter in all the glory of their sunlit splendor, and issuing from some reservoir among the "Eternal hills," a torrent leaps from its rocky barriers and comes dashing and foaming down, breaking over mighty impediments, scattering into mist and foam, against which the sun throws its parted rays, to be gathered up again and hurled back in countless rainbow colors; then, as if tiring of its wild, mad play, the torrent disappears with a sullen roar between the sides of a deep and smooth-cut cañon. Let us look down for a moment, even if we do recoil from the sight an instant later.

Away down, down, hundreds of feet, between walls as steep and smooth as if cut by a sculptor's hand, we hear the impatient roar of the water, as if struggling to escape from its walls of adamant, but the scene is so dark and forbidding and the thought of falling so terrible, that we retreat before we catch a glimpse of the surging torrent below.

A path winds along the mountain-side, approaching dangerously near to the yawning chasm, but yet safe enough to feet accustomed to follow perilous ways, and a solitary traveler, mounted upon a strong and well trained mule, approaches.

Slowly and cautiously the animal picked his steps along the rocky path, but as he reached the narrowest point, a lariat came whirling through the air, descending over the traveler's head and circling around his body and binding his arms to his sides.

In an instant he was dragged from the saddle, a revolver-ball went crashing through the skull of the animal, which fell forward and then went floundering down into that fearful chasm.

The traveler was Christopher Linn. Two men stepped from their concealment in a fissure in the rocks, and one we recognize as the man with whom Clyde had made his bargain.

All resistance was useless. Mr. Linn's arms were so quickly and firmly bound to his sides that he had no possible chance of using his weapons or the villains would have found dangerous game.

"What in the name of all the fiends in the universe is this deed for? you surely do not think me insane enough to carry money over this route?" he said, surveying his captors indignantly, as soon as he was upon safe ground.

"It's you we want, and we'll look for money when we're done with you," answered Giles.

"And what do you propose to do with me?" asked Mr. Linn.

"Don't ask impertinent questions, but keep your senses about you and you'll find out by your own observation," was the unsatisfactory reply; and the prisoner was hurried off to a cavern at some distance from the place, securely bound, and left for the rest of the day.

The men went away to a short distance and held a consultation.

"Are you sure that the plan will be perfectly safe? If you have any doubts whatever it will be an easy matter to throw him after his mule," said Giles.

"Easy enough, if we were sure that it would be the end of it; but Clyde was right when he thought that murder was an ugly word, and I don't want to be a party to it for two good reasons. It is an unsafe business at the best, and then there may be a hereafter, for all of anything that I know; for although I have never meant to believe it, I can't swear that there isn't, and, at any rate, there's safer means. Now it's not at all likely that he'll live the voyage out, but that's nothing to us; if we engage passage for him to China and see him embark in safety, there's not a jury in the world that can convict us of murder, and we'll sleep easier all our lives."

"Are you positively sure that this Chinaman can be depended upon?" asked Giles.

"To make assurance doubly sure, I shall sell him to the captain of the vessel, and you may be sure that he'll take care of him, if he should be fortunate enough to reach China alive."

And on a long, tedious journey on horseback, in company with these two men, most of the time gagged and bound, traveling almost entirely by night, went Christopher Linn, suffering not only from physical discomfort, but untold mental agony, until he arrived at San Francisco in the night.

He was kept closely confined until the next night, then taken on board a Chinese ship.

"Now, men, for Heaven's sake tell me what all this is for; it is evident that you intend to leave me here. You have refused to answer my questions until now, and if you are men you will at least explain, so that I may know what to expect," he said, as they stood together upon the deck.

"Yes, we'll tell you now. Clyde said that, to perfect his revenge, we were to tell you at the last moment that it was your treatment of him that set the bloodhounds on your track, and that for consolation you could imagine him in possession of your vast estates, which you left to him when you made the descent into Darkwater cañon, where he supposes you to be lying," said one of the men.

"And my child is living with a would-be murderer! O God! this is too horrible! Tell

me the price that he pays you for this work, and I will double it if you set me free."

"No, man, that won't do; you see that we have a hold upon Clyde, and we have not upon you. He will come into possession of all your wealth, and he is a perfect coward at heart. A third party, whom we shall let into the secret, will constantly extort hush money from him until we get the lion's share; so good-bye, and console yourself with the thought it's precious little comfort he'll take with your money." And the men turned away and left him. He attempted to follow them to the boat, but he was instantly seized and confined in the hold of the vessel.

For the first time his heart sank in utter despair. There was some consolation in the thought of the will, but for himself there seemed no earthly hope of ever standing upon his native shores or greeting the sister and daughter who at that very moment were mourning for him as one dead.

The vessel set sail, bearing him away from American soil as fast as wind and waves could carry him.

Seasickness is not a pleasant sensation under the best circumstances in which one can be afflicted with it, and the reader may imagine what it must be to one confined in the filthy hold of a Chinese ship.

To him it seemed as if an age had elapsed, and that death would be a welcome relief, when one of the crew came down and assisted him to the deck.

The day was far advanced, and the shores of America were receding from his view. They placed food before him, but with what intense loathing he pushed it away! As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to walk about he found that he was expected to serve as a slave to the disgusting and heathenish captain, but anything was preferable to confinement in that horrible hold, and with a heavy heart he set about learning his tasks, under the merciless blows of the tyrannical Chinaman.

The voyage was ended at last, and he landed in a Chinese port, and was taken to the residence of the captain, about five miles from the shore. Here he was taught to serve in the household during the day, but closely watched and placed in confinement when the day's work was over.

The captain left him in the care of an overseer as tyrannical and merciless as himself, and started upon another voyage.

The last vestige of hope seemed to desert him when he found that the captain was going to sail without him, and indeed the prospect seemed dreary enough.

The wide ocean rolled between him and his native land; all around were the loathsome, almond-eyed natives; their disagreeable jargon sounded in his ears, and their monotonous features flitted before his eyes.

If he could only obtain some means of communicating with the American Minister—but he did not even know the name of the part in which he landed nor whether the Minister's residence was north or south of it, and if he did, how could he travel without any knowledge of the country or the language?

And thus weeks and months drifted by, and still he remained in hopeless captivity, with his physical sufferings fully equaled by his mental torture.

CHAPTER IX.

THE days at the old home passed in mournful quietude, and in the society of her aunt and the children Bertha found peace, if not happiness. She took but little interest in the legal proceedings which were in progress, until one day the attorney called, and, placing a bundle of letters in her hands, said:

"My friend, here is a package of letters given me by Mr. Clyde to assist in finding grounds upon which to base a suit for divorce. I find several sufficient causes, but as you are probably ignorant of the existence of these letters, and as I am conducting the suit in your behalf, and not for him, I thought best to consult you before choosing from them, and perhaps a perusal of these missives will give you a better understanding of your father's motives in making such a will as he did, and I counsel you to read them carefully, and after due consultation with Mrs. Burns, in whose judgment I have great confidence, tell me upon which grounds you would rather base the suit."

He took his departure, and Bertha at once sought Mrs. Burns, and together they sat down to peruse the letters; but before they were half through Bertha sprang up with flashing eyes, exclaiming:

"Does Harold suppose that I am so lost to all sense of honor and integrity that he can place letters in my hands proving his own baseness and inconstancy, and then expect me to marry him a second time against the wishes of my father? Does he suppose me to be a spiritless nonentity, that he can add this insult to his gross injury and awaken so little resentment that I will again expose my children to his example and influence to be blackened and stained for life and eternity? *No! a thousand times no!* Come what will, I will stand between my children and any influence calculated to pollute their purity and mar the integrity of their minds and characters, and besides, I can never overlook this personal insult."

"You do Mr. Clyde injustice in one respect, my dear," said Mrs. Burns. "He never intended these letters for your perusal; they were given to the attorney merely as a suggestion, with the supposition that only a few little items of minor importance would be gleaned from them, and that you would suppose that even those were invented

for the occasion; but here is one that was intended for neither yourself nor the attorney, but, by some mischance, has been overlooked among the rest"—and Mrs. Burns handed her niece the one that had been written by Clare, urging him to come and marry her pupil and redeem his past by an honorable life. "You remember that you were surprised at my grief, but I saw the wicked conspiracy at the moment that you told me of your marriage; and your father read the whole character of the man at the first glance, and he has deceived no one but yourself in regard to his real character."

"How hard it is to believe Clare guilty of such treachery!" said Bertha, after reading the letter. "She was always so kind and sympathetic that I really loved her."

"We will have charity for her, since she did all in her power to atone for the wrong that she had done, and we know not how near to desperation she may have been driven, although no possible circumstances could justify wrecking your life for the benefit of another," said Mrs. Burns; "and since your father's will paves the way, we will remedy as much of the evil as still lies in our power."

"But, aunt," exclaimed Bertha, earnestly, "I can never have my children disgraced by producing these foul letters in court; the sins of their father would be a reproach to them as long as they live: but I can never look upon his face again with other feelings than those of disgust and contempt. What can I do? Oh! if poor papa were only here to advise me!"

"We have the best of legal advice, my dear; but you are right in not wishing to have any unnecessary scandal attached to the affair, and I think that we can manage it without the use of these letters. He has never supported or provided for you and the children," said Mrs. Burns.

"Why, aunt, it was his constant complaint that he had to work like a slave to provide for me and the children," said Bertha, surprised at hearing any other view of the case.

"Mention an article of clothing which his earnings have ever bought for you, if you please," said Mrs. Burns.

But Bertha could not.

"Your father placed the only roof over your head that has ever sheltered you, since it became evident that Clare's utmost efforts could not maintain so many, and he (Clyde) has provided food for you only because he knew that his failure to do so would compel you to return to that home made desolate by your absence. His own mother and sister will testify to the fact that his earnings were appropriated to his own selfish gratification rather than for the maintenance of his family, and this is the least disgraceful of any grounds upon which to bring a suit."

To a disinterested observer it looks like an easy matter for a woman to renounce the husband who has brought little besides sorrow and suffering into her life, but the father of her children has a hold upon her sympathies and affections which may not instantly be cast aside, and a single redeeming quality will often obscure a dozen glaring faults, so that, in spite of her just indignation, Bertha passed sleepless nights in contemplation of the perplexing question forced upon her.

But the trial was over at last, and she was no longer the wife of Clyde.

He had offered no defense, but it seemed a little singular to him that her attorney should have been so particular in having the children placed under her exclusive control, which, he said, was entirely unnecessary, since the separation was to be for so brief a period; but he soon found that he was dealing with one to whom he could not dictate, for when he suggested to the lawyer that this was a mere superfluity the man replied:

"I am conducting this suit in the interest of Christopher Linn's daughter, not to please the opposing party."

"Confound your impudence! It is the last business that you shall ever transact for us," exclaimed Clyde, angrily.

"I am not aware of ever having done anything for you," replied the attorney; "in fact, I am not in the habit of working for impecunious strangers," he continued, totally unmindful of the wrath of the man who, in his estimation, was a very insignificant person.

Clyde hurled a torrent of angry invectives at the lawyer, receiving in return only such cool and cutting sarcasm that he soon retired in disgust and chagrin.

"There is some mischief brewing," he muttered, as he walked away; "that meddling old aunt and this villainous lawyer are plotting against me, but little good will it do them, for my influence over Bertha is so great that I can overpower her with the mere strength of my will if circumstances render it necessary. She is the sole owner of all that vast estate, and there is no need of further delay. I will visit her at the first favorable opportunity and be married as before, ere any adverse influence can interpose."

Mrs. Burns was in the habit of driving over to a town about six miles distant to attend to business which required her personal supervision, and Clyde took advantage of this to visit Bertha in her absence.

He watched for the aunt's departure, and immediately thereafter repaired to the mansion. He entered without ceremony, and found Bertha alone.

"Good morning, my dear," he said, advancing familiarly, but pausing at sight of the features so sadly changed by the care and sorrow of the last

few months. Affecting not to notice the forbidding expression with which she looked upon him, he seated himself with all the freedom of proprietorship, saying:

"You look ill and worn, my dear; this has been a severe trial for you, but happily it is nearly over, and you can now have an opportunity, which you have so long desired, of repaying me for all that I have suffered for your sake during the last few years. We will have the ceremony performed in the presence of a few chosen friends if you object to having a large party in honor of the occasion; but for my part, I feel like celebrating my restoration to my family (from whom I need not have been separated had justice been done me) in a suitable manner. You will oblige me by naming an early day, my love."

Bertha's face was pale as marble as she unlocked an escritoire, and taking therefrom a package of letters she handed it to him, saying:

"I think, Mr. Clyde, that you will find among the writers of these letters a more congenial companion than I have proven to be, and since all legal barriers are removed, you can now choose from among them without wronging me."

Clyde glanced at the package, and even his brazen impudence forsook him, and his cheek crimsoned before her accusing and resentful gaze as she stood there confronting him with the positive proofs of his guilt.

For a moment he stood covered with confusion, but recovering himself at length, he exclaimed:

"In the name of all the furies, woman, how came you in possession of these?"

"Did you not send them to me?" she questioned.

"Never! I only gave them to your lawyer, to be used only in case of urgent necessity, and the mean, miserable miscreant treacherously gave them to you!" he said, with a voice trembling with passion.

"The friend of my father placed them in my hands," she replied, firmly.

"The friend of the devil!" exclaimed Clyde, losing all control in the heat of his anger; "for no one else would try to breed distrust between man and wife."

"I shall insist upon your manifesting a proper respect for my presence as long as you remain in the house," she said, sternly.

"What do you propose to do?" he asked, after some moments of sullen silence.

"To bring up my children respectably, to train them to be a credit to themselves and to reflect no dishonor upon the memory of the grandfather whose bounty has clothed them since the hour of their birth and provided ample means for their education hereafter. Had you proved to be a kind and affectionate husband to me, or a wise and loving father to my children, willing to help in the great

and responsible work of training them to lives of future worth and usefulness, no power on earth should have torn me from you; but you hold in your hands the proof that you married me not from any love for myself, but merely as a means of robbing my father without making yourself liable to the law. You have lived for yourself alone, and now, after having given me undisputable proofs that your character is so basely immoral that to follow in your footsteps would lead my sons to the haunts of sin and wickedness, you expect me to deliberately place their training for life and eternity in your hands! How shall I hold myself accountable to the great Father in Heaven for the priceless souls which He has intrusted to my care if, to secure my own freedom from annoyance, I should give them over to the example and influence of one who has shown himself so utterly unworthy of so sacred a trust?"

"Bertha," he said, expostulatingly, "I did not desert you in your poverty, and now, in the hour of your prosperity, you would cast me, the father of your children, out as unworthy to share. Is this your idea of truth and justice?"

"Harold," she said, earnestly, "I have no malice toward you, but in accomplishing the work which God has given me I want to do it in the highest and truest sense that He has given me power to do, and can I conscientiously place them under your control and influence?"

"But, Bertha, I am no worse than other men; your knowledge of the world has been so limited that you supposed that vice was the exception, while in fact it is the rule."

"Nevertheless, I detest and abhor it, and my innocent children shall not be contaminated by its presence," she said, firmly.

"You are unreasonable and unforgiving," he said, petulantly. "What do you care for the kind of a life that I led before I met you?"

"It would stamp your character," she answered, "and the dates of these shameless letters tell me that you had not sufficient respect for your family to live a moral life with us, and I will not live with one who has so little respect and affection for me."

"There is nothing on earth so unreasonable as a jealous woman!" he exclaimed, impatiently.

"Now, Bertha, cease this trifling and name the day for our union, or I will name it myself."

"Harold Clyde," she said, firmly, "this divorce was of your own seeking, and I shall not deliberately admit moral contagion to the sacred precincts of my home. I will not marry you."

Clyde's face grew white with rage, and his voice was hoarse with passion as he advanced menacingly toward her, saying:

"Madam, I am through dallying. You decline principally for your children's sake, but I will convince you that for their sakes you will marry

me, and that speedily. In spite of the legal old traitor who took such pains to give them to you in court, I will take them from you. In spite of your utmost vigilance, I will carry your daughter so far away that you will never look upon her face again, and rear her to suit my own purposes among my own companions; and your sons shall be taken to haunts of which you have never dreamed and trained to lead lives which shall make perilous the path of the benighted traveler. Wilford is my own son, and with my influence and example you know that I can do it!"

Bertha's face grew whiter, and she gasped for breath. It was indeed too true. It had required all the love and patience of the mother's heart to suppress the inherited evil of her boy's disposition, and the bare possibility of wicked influences and associations was appalling.

"Do you comprehend?" he asked, menacingly. "Acquiesce in my wishes, and you may rear your children undisturbed by my interference, and have your own will in every respect, so long as you do not attempt to dictate to me nor to limit my expenditures. Contemplate the two pictures, and tell me, will you name the day?"

"Give me one month to decide," she said, faintly.

"Not an hour!" he said, sternly. "Had I found you reasonable, I had not intended to press matters so hastily, but I am always prepared for possible emergencies. A minister and suitable witnesses are in another part of the house, and before that meddling old aunt returns to sustain you in this obstinacy you will again be my wife."

The hitherto pale face flushed with indignation and a defiant light gathered in the clear blue eyes as she answered:

"Harold Clyde, I defy you. You shall not compel me to take a single step against my will, and if you do not instantly depart I will have you ejected from the premises." And she moved toward the bell.

Clyde anticipated the movement and placed himself in her way.

"You need further persuasion, do you?" he said, taking a small revolver from his pocket and brandishing it before her eyes. "I will not be thwarted in my purpose," he said, with closed teeth and wrathful determination written upon every feature. "I will give you just one moment to decide; if you come to your senses at the expiration of that time I will summon the minister—if not, you will leave the training of your children to their father and some less obstinate woman." And he pointed the revolver at her heart and waited for her decision.

She had a mortal terror of firearms, and she stood looking straight into the muzzle of the weapon, knowing how slight a motion, even the nervous twitching of his fingers, might send her into

eternity and leave her children to the mercy of others, while he counted the seconds.

CHAPTER X.

"I CAN'T last much longer, Sam; I can feel the life ebbin' away with every spasm o' pain, and I shan't live the night out."

The eyes of the speaker wandered from the face of the man who sat by his side to the bare walls of the shanty in which he lay, and after a few moments' silence, he began again:

"It's an awful thing to die away off here, so far from home an' them that would be glad to see me an' take care o' me; but it's my own fault. If I'd a been contented to stay with the old folks at home, I might have been happy and respectable now, instead o' lyin' here at the pint o' death, as I am. It was Giles' hand that gave me the blow, some six weeks ago, and I've never got over it; but he'll repent o' that as he never did of anything before. He'd been drinkin' some or he never would have dared to do it. But I'll have my revenge and ease my conscience at the same time, an' if there's a world on the other side maybe they'll let me off easier if I right the greatest wrong that I ever did. I wish I knew just how it is, anyway; for somehow I never could see a bird bustin' out o' the shell an' a flyin' off into the air without thinkin' that maybe we left these broken or worn-out shells an' went sailin' off into eternity in the same way. Now I don't know that it's so nor I don't know that it aint. Gimme another drink from that bottle, Sam, or I shan't have strength to git through with my story. You know that ten-thousand-dollar reward that's been in the papers so long for that Texas cattle-owner that disappeared in Darkwater cañon?"

"Yes," answered the watcher.

"I know where he is."

The man drew nearer to the speaker's side, with an eager, excited look.

"Remember, yer very sick, pard, and don't tell no lies!" he said, scanning the features of the sufferer to be sure that his mind was not wandering.

"I'll tell nothing but the wicked truth; for I want all the chance there is for me on the other side," said the sufferer, feebly.

"Where is he?—dead?" asked his companion, eagerly.

"No, Sam; I helped Giles to ship him off to China."

"Off to China! What for?" asked the comrade, in astonishment.

"I think he had a son-in-law that wanted his property, and he wouldn't give it up and Giles was hired to get him out of the way; but he didn't really want to do an out-and-out murder and I

wouldn't have a hand in that, and we sent him where we thought he'd stay and answer the son-in-law just as well, as long as he thinks he's dead. I was to have five thousand dollars for my share, but I've never seen a cent of it, and that was what we had our quarrel about. If you can find the man and bring him back, you'll be doin' a good work and gettin' well paid for it besides."

"But how in the world shall I ever find him? China is a big place," said the comrade.

"There's a Chinaman in San Francisco that knows the captain that took him. I'll tell you where he lives; you'll know him by a deep scar across the right cheek. Take him with you; he knows the ground and will hunt him up if well paid for it."

"Take another drink, pard, an' tell me the whole story. I may want evidence when I git back," said the man, as the failing voice gave evidence of increasing weakness.

He took a note-book from his pocket and wrote down every circumstance connected with Mr. Linn's abduction, a minute description of the Chinaman's quarters in San Francisco, the name of the seaport to which the vessel was bound, and many facts which could be corroborated by Mr. Linn in case that the perpetrators of the deed should ever be brought to trial.

"I'm tired clean out, Sam, but remember you're makin' a promise to a dyin' man, and I'll come back to see if it's done," said the sufferer, faintly.

"I'll do my level best, pard, and if he's alive I'll hunt him up and bring him back," said the companion.

"One thing more—there's two thousand dollars in that little box under the floor in the northeast corner o' the shanty; take it if you don't have enough to get through without, and when you git the reward send the same amount to my old mother in Kentucky, an' don't tell her how I've lived since I've been here, only that I remembered her till the last."

The sick man closed his eyes wearily, and ere the morning dawned he had gone to settle his accounts in another world.

One night Christopher Linn had thrown himself upon his rude couch and lay sadly and despairingly thinking of his distant home and kindred, when suddenly he was startled by the low whistling of a few bars of Yankee Doodle! He sprung to his feet as if the earth had opened before him, and instantly took up the tune where it had been left off by the unknown and whistled it through. A moment later the yellow face of a Chinaman, marked by a hideous scar, and another apparently belonging to an American sailor, peered through the palisades.

"Who are you, pard?" asked the stranger in English.

The tears gushed from the exile's eyes at the sound of his native tongue, and he answered:

"Christopher Linn."

"Like to go to America?" asked the stranger. "Would a man who has been in the infernal regions for months like to go to Heaven?" he asked, in a voice broken by sobs, as he reached through the palisades and seized the stranger's hand, as if all his hope of life and liberty depended upon the firmness of his grasp.

"Come on then, and don't make any fuss about it, for I don't want any clatter with the yellow devils, for I feel kind o' queer in this place myself, and they seem like a swarm o' bees, a dodgin' in and out of all kinds o' queer places. I never should have found you if it hadn't a been for old scarface here, but he's an old residenter an' knows every foot o' the way."

With a nervous, apprehensive glance toward the overseer's quarters, Mr. Linn stole cautiously around to an opening in the palisades and joined them on the other side. He might be missed at any moment, and the least alarm would bring a swarm of the household servants to apprehend him, which would not only endanger his own safety, but that of his would-be deliverer, and trembling with excitement, and his heart beating almost audibly, he started to follow his guide.

But a few moments had elapsed ere he saw lights moving about and heard a confused murmur of voices, which told him that he had been missed. It was seven miles to the sea, and the household was already astir.

The guide struck into a strange by-path, and followed its intricate windings like one who knew every foot of the ground; and starting at every shadowy form that passed them on the way, and trembling at every sound that fell upon his excited senses, he followed, with nerves strung to a painful tension and mind wrought to the highest pitch of excitement and apprehension.

But at length he heard the plashing of the "salt sea waves," and almost falling in his trembling eagerness, he stepped into a skiff; a few moments of vigorous rowing brought the boat alongside of an American ship, and soon after Christopher Linn sank panting and exhausted upon the deck, but safe in the strong arms of our national protection.

He looked up and saw the Stars and Stripes floating in the silvery moonlight, heard the sound of the waves splashing against the sides of the ship, and the murmur of voices in the welcome accents of his native tongue; then everything grew confused and indistinct.

He was weak and worn by suffering and anxiety, and the excitement of his unexpected deliverance was too much for his exhausted system, and ere another day had passed, he lay in his berth, with

the fierce Asiatic fever scorching his veins and wild delirium burning in his brain.

"Try an' pull through now, comrade, after you've got this far; you'll spile the hull mess if you throw up your hand just as you've got hold o' the best cards in the pack," urged the man who had come so far to seek him, as he sat by his side, bathing his head and trying to soothe the sufferer; but his words fell upon unheeding ears, and wild, delirious eyes looked up pleadingly as the sick man lived over the scenes of his past miseries and begged piteously for relief.

CHAPTER XI.

"YOU have just fifteen seconds more," said Clyde, taking a more deliberate aim, as the time drew nearer. Bertha looked into the wrathful, determined face of the man before her and knew that his passionate temper was roused to the utmost.

"Five seconds more," he said, advancing a step toward her, with set teeth and face white with rage; and she sank insensible at his feet.

"Curse the woman!" he muttered, replacing the weapon in his pocket; and roughly seizing her, he carried her to a sofa.

At that moment the door was pushed open and a man dressed in the rough garb of an ordinary cowboy advanced and handed him a note.

The sight of the well-known handwriting sent a tremor of apprehension through his frame, and, with a hasty glance, he read:

"Linn has escaped. To the hills for your life."

He glanced through the open window, and just coming into sight, away across the sloping prairie, a dozen horsemen appeared in view. His face paled with rage and fear, and for an instant he stood irresolute.

"No time to lose," said the man. "Once among the hills, you will find friends, but found here, you will be shot down in your tracks."

Without a word, Clyde followed the man from the house, hastened to the stables, selected a fleet horse, quickly saddled and mounted him, and dashed over the prairie toward the hills. He had scarcely cleared the grounds and gained the open country beyond, when a backward glance revealed the fact that he was pursued. Christopher Linn's vengeance had set the officers upon his track. On he sped, leaping across deep ravines and dashing over stretches of open prairie; for if he could only gain the shelter of the hills, Giles would surely meet him with a chosen band of his own. But his pursuers knew every foot of the ground; they took shorter cuts and gained upon him, until, driven to desperation, he turned and shot at the foremost and at the same moment endeavored to spur his horse across a wider chasm than he had leaped before. The obedient animal sprang for-

ward, barely reaching the opposite side, but the girth gave way and Clyde fell to the bottom of the ravine with a broken neck.

A few moments sufficed to bring his pursuers to the spot, and as they raised his prostrate form the leader remarked:

"His rashness and desperation have cheated the law of its vengeance."

It was true; life was already extinct.

Bertha had recovered her consciousness, and was sitting upon the sofa trying to collect her scattered senses when Mrs. Burns abruptly entered the room.

"Bertha, Bertha, come here!" she said, seizing her niece's hand and drawing her toward the window. "Look away across the prairie yonder and see if you recognize the foremost of those horsemen galloping this way. Take this glass and tell me if my eyes deceive me."

Bertha looked carefully in the direction indicated and exclaimed, excitedly:

"It looks like—oh! can it be? It is—it is papa!"

"Are you sure?" asked Mrs. Burns, in trembling eagerness, while they both looked intently, as if fearing that he might vanish like a phantom if they lost sight of him.

"If I can trust the evidence of my own senses, I am," replied Bertha, still gazing fixedly upon the coming horseman.

Nearer he came, until he reached the shaded avenue leading to the house, and both women flew out along the cool, shadowy walks as fast as their intense excitement would permit to meet the returning wanderer. And who can describe the feelings of the man so long exiled from his native land as he neared the dear and familiar scenes of his own home and household, and saw the forms of his dearest kindred speeding over the beautiful grounds to meet him, and heard the glad cry of welcome from lips that knew no falsehood and hearts that knew no joy like that of his coming?

It seemed like a restoration to Paradise as he clasped the daughter and sister in his arms, while the children looked wonderingly upon the scene, and one by one the other members of the household, who had been long in his service, came rushing out with shouts of joy and welcome as they recognized the kindly face of him whom they had learned to love and reverence.

"Where have you been, papa? and why did you leave us to mourn you during these long months, with all the bitterness of grief for the dead?" asked Bertha, as soon as the commotion was subsided enough to admit of coherent conversation.

"I have been to China, very much against my will," he answered, "but I will tell you the story at another time, dear, but for the present let

us enjoy the happiness of reunion, unalloyed by the painful story of my adventures."

They entered the house, and while they sat talking, as only friends long separated can talk, a message came for Mr. Linn, which summoned him from the room. When he returned, it was with a perplexed and troubled look.

"What is it, papa?" asked Bertha, anxiously.

"My daughter," he said, leading her to the sofa and seating her upon it, "can you bear the shock of terrible news? remember that your children are with you, safe and well, and that your father is restored to you."

She cast a quick, apprehensive glance toward the children, but, reassured by their presence, she said:

"I can bear anything now, papa. Tell me quickly."

He sat down by her side protectingly, and said:

"Harold Clyde is no more; he fell from his horse while attempting to leap across a chasm, and was killed by the fall."

A cry of horror burst from her lips, but his threats concerning the children were fresh in her mind, and even in the midst of her terror and distress came the thought that they were safe. There was little cause for real grief for his death, but charity was a strong element in her nature, and memories of the great love and tenderness with which she had once regarded him came flooding over her heart, and a torrent of tears relieved the violence of her emotions.

Her father and aunt tried to soothe her with every kindness in their power, but she felt that she could not reasonably expect them to share in any lingering tenderness that she might still cherish toward him, and she withdrew from their presence and in the privacy of her own room wept away the first burst of painful emotions, and then tried to reason herself into a state of calmness before again entering her father's presence.

At length she returned, and, although outwardly calm, her face was pale as death as she fixed her sorrowful eyes upon her father's face and said, pleadingly:

"Papa, I have no right to ask a single favor at your hands. My one false step has caused you years of sorrow and regret, and I make my request not because I have a right to ask it, but because I know the great kindness of him of whom I beg this favor. The great Father above loves all His children alike. You had mercy, charity, and sympathy for me, in spite of all that I had made you suffer, and however much He may have been grieved by the erring one, the loving Father regarded him with pity and charity always, all the time desiring that he might find happiness by forsaking the evil of his ways. I had not the strength to lead him back to paths of peace and truthfulness. I needed a clearer sight, and per-

haps in my weakness there may be blame, but with his life he has paid the forfeit of his own evil, and there is one who will mourn for him with all the agony of a mother's boundless affection, and if you will permit me I would give her the sorrowful satisfaction of visiting his grave. I would send him to her, and pay the expenses of a decent burial. Papa, your coming has brought me more of joy than I had ever expected to know; but my heart is very sore, and this is the last kindness that I may do for the father of my children."

"My child, I will deny you nothing that it is in my power to grant," said the father, tenderly; "and since Clare was always kind to you, give her the home that you have left; for I shall claim you now, and your children shall stay to bless the heart that has so often longed for the sound of childish laughter to wake the echoes of the glades and the sight of little forms to gambol among the trees and flowers."

And so Bertha discharged her last duty toward Harold and his kindred; and to counteract the effects of the shocking occurrence, Mr. Linn and his sister visited new and attractive scenes with her, until her sensitive organization had been benefited and strengthened by the change and she could return calmly and contentedly to the beautiful home of her childhood.

With the cause of all her sorrow and trouble removed, surrounded by every comfort and luxury, in the companionship of her father and the society of her children, it would seem that as soon as time could restore the shattered nerves to their normal condition and subdue the horrors of the last few months, there could be nothing in the way of her happiness; but home is never quite the same after one has married and gone from it, and besides, hideous wounds leave unsightly scars long after the soreness is healed.

Her daughter was a sweet, winsome creature of three summers, to whom the grandfather's heart went out with all the strong affection that he had given to her mother in the days of her childhood, and in her he saw a renewal of the hopes that he had entertained of the womanhood of his own daughter.

Victor, the second son, aged seven, he declared a fair representative of his own kindred, and he could trace a resemblance in the childish features to those of a brother who had been the companion of his boyhood, but long since gone to a brighter shore. But Wilford, the oldest, was the image of his father. There was the same bold, handsome forehead and clear, defiant eyes; strong, well-built frame, while every motion and gesture reminded the grandfather of the man whom he despised and hated with all the strength of his determined nature; but, worst of all, the child had inherited the selfish, passionate, and jealous disposition of

his father, and although he possessed many redeeming qualities, it had always required a constant effort upon the part of his mother to keep his evil propensities in the background and to train the better nature, in the hope that it would one day outgrow and supplant the evil tendencies of his disposition.

He came in one day, and, throwing himself upon a sofa at his mother's side, burst into a storm of passionate tears and sobs, exclaiming:

"*I just hate grandpa!*"

"*Why, my son!*" exclaimed the mother, astonished not so much at the outburst of temper as at the words that accompanied it; "you surely cannot mean that you hate the kind grandfather who has provided us with this beautiful home!" she said, expostulatingly.

"*Yes, I do!*" he answered, with another burst of angry sobs.

"And why?" she questioned.

"*Because he hates me!*" he answered, still more vehemently.

"Why do you think so?" she asked.

"Because I *know* it," he replied, decidedly.

"Does he not always bring you a present when he returns from the city, just as he does the other children?" she questioned.

"Yes; but he doesn't give it to me as he does to them. When we all run out to meet him, he takes Bessie in his arms and says: 'Here's Grandpa's little angel,' and when Victor comes, he says: 'See what I've brought for my little man!' but he only says to me: 'This is for you, Wilford.'"

"You are older, Wilford, and perhaps he thinks you will not like to have him talk to you as to little folks," she said, soothingly.

"That is not it at all," he said, decisively. "He does not look at me as he does the other children, and I hate him and Victor and Bessie; I hate everybody!" And again he relapsed into a storm of sobbing and crying.

"Do you hate mamma, too?" she asked, reproachfully.

"Not you, but even you like Bessie and Victor better than me; you punish me for every little thing that I take away from them, and make me give it back!" he said, accusingly.

"O Wilford!" said the mother, reproachfully, "why can you not understand that I punish you only because I want to make you forsake the wrong and become a good and honorable man?"

"The other children never seem to do anything wrong; it's *me* that always has to be punished," he said, in that sullen, dissatisfied manner which had so often troubled her in one older than he when she was making every effort in her power to please and conciliate, and it did seem as if, not content with cursing the earlier part of her life with his selfishness and unworthiness, Clyde had

left a second edition of his faults to embarrass and perplex the remainder of her days.

The fact of her father's dislike had not escaped her quick observation, but knowing him to be too just to make any intentional manifestation of partiality, she had hoped that the child would not detect it, but it was quite evident that it could not fail to be a source of unpleasantness which all her efforts could not entirely set aside.

"Wilford," she said, drawing him toward her caressingly, "you tell me that I love your brother and sister more than you, but if I were compelled to give two of my children to be cared for by some one else, I would give up both the others and keep you!"

She could understand now the seeming partiality with which some parents appear to regard the very worst child in the whole flock. Bessie, with her beautiful face and lovable ways, and Victor, with his honest manliness and genuine goodness, would win their way almost anywhere and receive kindly treatment from any one, but who but the mother could have never-failing patience, charity, and sympathy for this passionate, petulant, and self-willed boy? Surely, he was the one who most needed a mother's love and tenderness, but that should never fail him.

The dislike existing between her father and this child was a source of real sorrow to Bertha, although she felt that neither was to blame for it.

She sat one day watching the children at their play from behind the curtains of a bay window, when Mr. Linn entered the room in company with Dr. Knox, a prominent physician and an esteemed friend, although some years younger than himself. The Doctor was a thorough scholar, and brought both learning and philanthropy to his profession, and Mr. Linn took great delight in listening to his conversation. He related a wonderful cure of physical deformity which he had accomplished upon the person of a child whose parents were too poor to offer him any compensation for his services, and rejoiced in the skill which had enabled him to restore health and strength to one who had so much need of it.

Mr. Linn commended the disinterested kindness of the man, whose talent and ability already commanded his respect, and expressed unbounded sympathy with people so unfortunate as to be afflicted with personal deformity.

"My friend," said the Doctor, "if you will excuse plain speaking, you have opened the way to a subject which I have often desired to mention to you, but have refrained, because I scarcely dared take so much liberty."

"Speak freely," replied Mr. Linn, with some curiosity.

"There is no physical deformity that could render one of these interesting children so repulsive in your sight that you would turn away with

dislike. Your sympathy and tenderness would be as boundless as the air and sunshine, and yet you regard one of these very children with feelings of aversion for causes which existed previous to his birth, and for which he is no more responsible than for the shade of his complexion or the color of his eyes!"

"Who said I disliked him?" asked Mr. Linn, with visible annoyance of manner, for he had never intended to let any one suspect his true feelings toward the child whose misfortune it had been to be so much like one whom he could not help regarding as he would a viper.

"Your feelings betray themselves in spite of all your efforts to conceal them," replied the Doctor. "The mother knows it, the child knows it, and you know it. Do not understand that my remarks imply any censure, for with the wrongs that you have suffered it is the most natural thing in the world, but a person born with a moral deformity is entitled to sympathy when they scarcely ever receive anything but censure or severity. I have given much thought and study to the subject, and I would take a case like this and eradicate it from the moral nature as I would cleanse a disease from the physical system."

"It may be an easy matter to cultivate the good which you find growing upon its natural soil, but to sow it upon ground already appropriated to evil propensities and obtain satisfactory results is a different matter," replied Mr. Linn.

"I believe I could do it," answered the Doctor, thoughtfully. "When I undertake a difficult case, I study it in every phase which the light of science has brought to bear upon it, and I should begin by the most systematic method within the range of my understanding."

"I fear that a radical cure would require more severity than either my daughter or myself could allow; but I must confess the boy's future has given me considerable cause for uneasiness," said Mr. Linn.

"I should employ no severity whatever," replied the Doctor. "I should begin by winning the child's confidence and affection, thereby implanting a desire to obtain my approbation. I should contribute to his happiness and manifest a preference for his society, and, knowing that any propensity is cultivated by being frequently called into action, I should, as much as possible, keep him aloof from causes likely to give exercise to those traits which it is desirable to repress. For instance, he is quick-tempered and revengeful, and I should allow no one to tantalize or irritate him, as unthinking persons often do with a passionate child, and by constantly repressing the evil and cultivating the good, he may be gradually educated, but not *driven*, out of inherited tendencies, for which no blame whatever can be attached to him."

"You are right," said Mr. Linn, thoughtfully, "and I regret that any unjust prejudice upon my part should have given an unpleasant feeling either to the child or his mother."

Bertha rose from her seat, and, with eyes filled with grateful tears, she extended her hand, saying:

"Accept my thanks, Doctor, for having given a clearer expression of my own views than I should be able to do and giving my father an insight into a matter which needed an explanation."

"You are welcome to anything that I may be able to do for you, Madam, and I will esteem it a favor if, in the interest of science and philanthropy, you will allow me to undertake the work and demonstrate my theories," replied the Doctor.

"With my father's approval," she answered, glancing toward her parent.

"You are both wiser than I," replied the father.

A year passed away, and the Doctor had demonstrated the truth of a principle which, if universally adopted, would be a blessing to humanity everywhere, by proving the efficacy of a boundless charity, born of investigating and comprehending the causes of that which, to the unthinking, will ever remain a mystery.

He called one day, and, after a short, preliminary conversation, said:

"Bertha, I feel so well satisfied with my success in educating one boy that I have an irresistible desire to adopt the whole family, the mother included. Can you trust them to me?"

The declaration was abrupt, but "the way to a mother's heart lies through her child," and she knew that he was worthy of all the boundless love and confidence that a woman's tenderness can bestow, and, with a truthful light in her eyes which he was not slow to understand, she said:

"If papa approves."

And the father said:

"You are wiser than I. Have your own way."

And henceforth Bertha's days were as nearly cloudless as mortals ever know; and the boy, whom false management might have made an outlaw, is a prominent physician in the sunny land of Texas. And may the Doctor's theory be thoroughly tested in all cases where reform is deemed imperative.

[THE END.]

WE should not forget that a prejudiced mind may be an honest one—indeed, prejudiced people are generally sincere and earnest. Their chief fault is a sort of mental blindness or distorted vision; and this is rather a disease than a sin, and they are far more likely to be cured of it by gentle, persuasive measures or by simple, tacit toleration, than by violent or aggressive argument.

DID SHE DO RIGHT?

"DO you think Natalie Vane did right?" It was with this question echoing through my thoughts I closed the "HOME MAGAZINE," in which I had just been reading the last chapter of Virginia Townsend's deeply interesting serial, "But a Philistine," and as I went about my work of homemaker and housekeeper in the little home, which, despite its lack of luxuries and ease such as wealth can give, is still the brightest, best spot on earth to me, my heart had but one answer, and that, I am sure, must be the answer of all true women—she did do right, wholly and nobly right, when she said to Mr. Thorndike, "I dare not take what you offer me—I dare not, because I do not love you."

She has seemed such a real woman, as I have followed her course month after month. And is she not a real woman? None may know her as "Miss Vane," yet she stands as a typical woman, and to more than one heart the temptation has come, as it came to her, to give up the weary, wearing struggle with the world and let another stand between her and its harshness. Many another has said, as she did, "When a woman is tired and lonely, it is a good thing—it is the most blessed thing in the world—to have a man's strong arm and solid sense to lean on." It is part of woman's nature to long for love and tender cherishing, to want to be sheltered and shielded from all that is rude or harsh; but alas for her when she forgets that only love—love, pure, holy, and unchanging; love such as alone can make "they twain one flesh"—can make it "the most blessed thing in the world" to be so sheltered and shielded. Alas for her when she gives up her birthright for the "mess of pottage" and is content to plod on through life as the seeming mate of him to whom her heart cannot go out in happy meeting. Content, did I say? Nay, it is not in her nature to be content in such a union. She may seem so to the world, she may do her duty loyally to him who calls her wife, yet in that "holy of holies," where she meets her soul face to face and all disguise is thrown aside, she knows it is not true, and feels the worthlessness of the husks upon which she feeds when the golden grain should be hers, and knows nothing can atone for its lack. Then she realizes what a fearful mistake she has made, what great wrong she has done to all that was best and noblest within herself, what wrong to God and man when her lips gave the promise to "love and honor" which her heart could not echo. Heaven help her then, for the hour is full of peril.

I have no patience with those who, as Holland says, "cheapen marriage" and would make of it but a civil contract, lightly entered into and as lightly broken. Marriage is of God, or it is nothing. The words of the marriage ceremony are but

the seal and sanction man's law gives to the union of the two hearts which God has already made one, and if this mystic union does not exist, what is it but a marriage "of the earth earthy"—of the body and not of the soul—and how can it be but that unrest and discord, discontent and heart-wanderings, will surely follow? Away back in the shadowed hour of birth—shadowed to us, but bright and clear with its beautiful meaning to God and the angels—away back in this pregnant hour, as I believe, the soul-mate is created, and only as each soul finds its own can there be true marriage.

True marriage! how the words glow and brighten as I write them! how they grow in their wondrous beauty and holy meaning! What a pathway reaches out before those who enter the life beyond this golden portal, out and on, growing broader and more beautiful, growing fuller and sweeter, more and more holy in its blessed ministries, until it touches the very gates of Heaven and merges into a life and peace of which we can form but faintest conception. And this is marriage—soul union as God meant it should be. This it is to be one flesh and one purpose—this to be married! And love alone can bring it about, love alone can help one to brave difficulties and discouragements such as must come to all, and keep the heart at peace through everything—love, which reaches out beyond the husband to the God who gave him, and is firm as the "everlasting hills."

"Because this human love, though pure and sweet,

Is a type of Heaven's love, more tender, more complete,

Do I take thee as a gift which God has given,
And I love thee."

It is the one beautiful flower left us from the lost Eden of which the poet sings, and it will yet restore us to our own. Amid all the jarring sounds of life and toil we hear its sweet psalms ringing soft and clear as voices of angels, and who shall tell us it does not sing on through all eternity? It is a significant fact to me that Christ is called the "Bridegroom of the Church," for it shows how close and vital He must have considered the relation between bride and bridegroom, and does it not give an idea of eternal marriage?

Though there may be "no marrying or giving in marriage" in that higher life such as we know here, yet I question, Is there any *unmarrying* there? Are not the two souls so truly grown as one here by their holy love and companionship yet more truly one there? Does God send this beautiful love to us for this life alone? I cannot believe it, and neither can any true wife. Never have I seen a couple who, really married and beginning in life's morning, have kept on together through the golden day until for them the sunset gates were opened, without feeling my whole heart

thrill in anticipation of the joy awaiting them in Heaven, where I have pictured them as going on still hand in hand, heart wedded to heart in blest communion and joy, in a *oneness* of union of which our best here gives but a faint foreshadowing. In this way only can I think of the dear father and mother whom God has taken. They knew no separation of heart here—why should they know it there? Will they do His will less gladly because of the tie which binds them each to each? Will they love and serve Him less faithfully because of their faithfulness to each other. Life—earth life—is but short at its longest. There is so much to do, so much to know and enjoy; we come so far short of our ideal of married life and love here, so many dear wishes and longings wait for fulfillment. Why does He who is all love and wisdom put all these beautiful desires in our hearts if all of marriage is what we know here?

The days have lengthened into weeks since I wrote the above, and in that time I have been reading Miss Phelps's *Beyond the Gates*. My pen can give but little idea of the beautiful thoughts found in its pages; of the sweet comfort it must hold for those who mourn and are weary. But some passages apply so aptly to my subject I cannot refrain from quoting them:

"Real marriage," she says, "has in it the elements of eternal permanency," but it is *real marriage*, remember, not the "imperfect ties which pass under that name." And again she speaks of some cases in which the "choices of time were so blest as to become the choices of eternity," adding, "If I found it lawful to utter the impulse of my soul, I should cry throughout the breadth of the earth a warning to the lightness or the haste or the presumption or the mistake that chose to love for one world when it might have loved for two. For, let me say most solemnly, that the relations made between man and woman on earth I found to be, in importance to the individual, second to nothing in the range of human experience save the adjustment of the soul to the Personality of God Himself," and then "I found earthly marriage to have been a temporary expedient for preserving the form of the eternal fact that freedom in this, as in all other things, became in Heaven the highest law; that the great sea of human misery, swelled by the passion of love on earth, shall evaporate to the last drop in the blaze of bliss to which no human counterpart can approach any nearer than the shadow to the sun;" and "every form of pure pleasure or happiness which had existed on earth had existed as a type of a greater. Our divinest hours below had been scarcely more than suggestive of their counterpart above."

What beautiful possibilities, what depths of happiness, these thoughts reveal! But what sol-

emn warning to those who would lightly enter the marriage state! It has ever been a wonder to me how it could be that a step so fraught with good or ill, so fruitful of lasting joy or of lasting sorrow, not only to the two taking it but to children yet unborn, should receive so little thought or consideration. If the thought of what their own sorrow must be in case of a mistake be not enough to make the youth or maiden watchful and prayerful in their choice of a companion, why does not the thought of the children which may come of their union hold them back? Why, for the sake of these, are they not more careful that the union shall be a true one, out of which children shall spring as naturally, as beautifully, and as happily as blossoms spring from the parent stem?

I know I am touching upon delicate subjects, but do we not need to think more of these things? Can any one suppose it does not make a difference, and a great one, in the mental and moral, yes, and in the physical, well-being of the child what the union is between the parents? Whether it is one of love and truth or of discord and discontent, the child must surely bear its stamp, and not for time alone, but for eternity. This thought should lift us above all trifling and unthinking and make us look deep into the sources of life and disposition. It should help us to build enduring monuments that shall tell of honor and glory, of truth and uprightness, and of love which knows no fear. We have no right to think only of ourselves in our decisions or our choices; for children are the legitimate fruit of marriage and should be welcomed with joy and nurtured in thankfulness and love. One of the great needs of our time is a larger, holier motherhood—an uplifting of the conceptions of its uses and responsibilities, a glorifying of its sacredness and its importance. Once it was considered a great honor to become a mother; children were felt to be a heritage from the Lord and were welcomed in a way befitting the gift; but is it so now? I know it is in some cases. There are noble examples which teach us how it should be; but oh! think of the homes where children come one after another, unwanted and unwelcomed, looked upon as burdens and hindrances, as something the married must "put up with" and "get out of the way" as soon as possible. Is it any wonder that, under such conditions, they grow up restless and unlovable, fretful, repining, and discouraged, knowing little of the depth and magnitude of life, little of its blessedness and exceeding great rewards, with little or no thought of the power and glory of manhood, the richness and holiness of womanhood? Remembering the wrangles and disputes of their parents, the unloving atmosphere of home, is it strange that they come to think of marriage as but a lottery where one may draw a prize while ninety-nine get but blanks?

What can they know of that holy union which even death cannot break? how are they fitted to do battle valiantly against wrong and oppression? how shall they find strength to resist temptation? how meet life with a noble front and bear aloft the glorious banner of manhood unstained and free? How seldom we think to trace back to the parents the causes of their wrongs and failures, and have the charity for them we ought to have. It is a fearful thing to be born wrong, as must be the case when children come from a union that is not founded in love and reverence, in mutual trust and dependence; and so it is not alone for the sake of the husband and wife, but for the children, too, that I plead for purer, holier marriage, for truer, larger ideals of companionship and parenthood. It is an easy matter to set the wedding-bells ringing, but think of it, ye who lightly hasten to give your promises—it is for eternity! Eternity! With what mighty hush and solemnity the word drops into the restless sea of human life! How it broadens and deepens the meaning of all we do here! Shall we not, then, build our houses upon the Rock, and build to God and truth?

I have been much interested in reading the review of *The Life and Letters of James and Lucretia Mott. The Christian at Work* says of them:

"The agreement between these two was almost perfect. Who can tell what blight might have befallen Lucretia Mott if her energy had been drained by domestic discord, her hopeful spirit crushed by discouragement and disagreement at home? She was fortunate in herself; blessed with divine gifts. But she was doubly fortunate, doubly blessed in the companionship of a noble, loving husband, who, so far from being a hindrance to her in the path whereunto she was called, was a support and an inspiration. Although he was not so widely known as she, and his field of usefulness, in consequence, might seem more restricted, yet no one can contemplate the lives of two so united—each seeming the other's counterpart—without realizing that *his* life made *hers* a possibility." What might not the world—yes, and Heaven, too—have lost had she married differently? Think of the great work she did when, as she says of herself: "Two millions of down-trodden slaves in our land being the greatest sufferers, the most oppressed class, I felt bound to plead their cause in season and out of season, to endeavor to put myself in their soul's stead, and to aid all in my power in every right effort for their immediate emancipation."

She recognized that it was not the cause of a sect or a party nor of a single generation, "but of universal benevolence and everlasting truth," and her loyalty to it was "without variableness or shadow of turning." But this was not all of her work. From the home they two built, a

mighty influence went out in pleading for other homes to be made as happy, other minds to be as restful and as complete as was theirs. That influence is sounding on and on through the years, on and on forever, though they from whom it sprang are no longer seen among us. They walk in blest communion in the "sweet fields of Eden"—husband and wife still, as who can doubt.

The subject grows upon my mind as I write, but time forbids my following it further. If I have said one word that will awaken deeper thought and earnestness, then indeed am I blest and happy. As I lay aside my pen for the household duties awaiting me, my heart goes out in a great prayer for more knowledge and greater wisdom in these most important things. Teach us to accept the light and the love freely as Thou hast given them, O blessed Father of us all! that our errors and our sins may be lessened day by day until we meet in that land where all mysteries are done with and the "shadows darken never."

EARNEST.

BABY'S DEAD.

PUT her simple toys away,
Smooth her bed,
Leave me to myself to-day—
Baby's dead!

Fold aside her half-worn clothes
If you will;
All that's dear so swiftly grows
Dearer still!

Yes, I know the words your heart
Speaks to mine;
But the mother's breast its smart
Must divine.

Thou who only guess at grief,
Tell its sum;
I have felt it—words are brief—
I am dumb.

Only—put her things away,
Smooth her bed;
Leave me to myself, I pray—
Baby's dead!

ROSE GERANIUM.

Wise sayings of Jewish sages: The path of duty in this world is the road to salvation in the next. Charity is the salt of riches. Be the first to hold out the hand of peace. Improve thyself, then try to improve others. This is the penalty of the liar—he is not believed when he tells the truth. Blessed be he who gives to the poor, albeit only a penny; doubly blessed be he who adds kind words to his gift.

TWENTY YEARS BETWEEN.

BY ROBERT C. MEYERS.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was little change from what I had known it, twenty years ago, in the long, rambling old street. How often I had gone past the same houses in apparently the same condition of part dilapidation! Weldon's drug store, with its generous garden back of it, where medicinal plants used to grow, was the drug store still, with the name of "Weldon" on each of the red globes in the bulging window—"J. Weldon, Jr." This house facing on the street, with its second story almost within reach of the outside passers-by, was the widow Pelette's, the wife of the old Frenchman who had been lost in St. Domingo. Surely, the widow Pelette was not alive now?—she was eighty twenty years ago, when I had last seen the house—that night when I rushed madly away—that night when her shrill laugh and

"If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her,"

rang like a cruel song after me down the street. No, she was not here. Up in the second-story window was a long slab of plate-glass let into the lower casement, the narrow lead-set panes in the upper part of the window looking jealous and refusing to glisten with that more pretentious stranger near. And behind that plate of glass a white, thin face was turned to mine questioningly, I thought hungrily, as so many invalid women's faces look.

Up the street, near to old Plover's, which had a bay window ruining its old straight lines, past two houses more, and I came to a low fence, back of which a narrow, long house showed its ends, nearly hidden in the masses of creepers I knew years ago. Nothing seemed changed; things stood still here as in a sleep, to alter and fall away when waking came. Should I open the gate and enter? There was a whirring sound in the air. Was it made by my own nervousness? Such weakness wears itself out in twenty years. No, the sound came from a grindstone. The gate creaked on its hinges. Inside basked the old garden. This rose-bush nearest the gate was the one from which she plucked the rose and gave me, and old Sarah Ames had looked on and smiled critically. How I hated Sarah Ames that day and believed she had never cared for a human being on the face of the earth, and that her books made her even harder. The whirring of the grindstone was nearer; there stood an old man sharpening a sickle; his back was toward me, but I knew old John Warwick; a decade had bent him and crowned his head with frost-flowers, but I knew him.

"I guess that 'll do; it's sharp enough, eh, Kitty?"

Kitty! my heart throbbed tumultuously at that name twenty years ago.

"You're always so particular about your old sickle," laughs a girlish voice. She is standing in the doorway. Do I know those brown, laughing eyes, that poise of the little head on the white throat? The fair hair is rough, and the little curls struggle with the air. Has the time been but a trance? Do I know that gown, the color of young lilacs? I knew everything about Kitty; I missed nothing about her twenty years ago. Twenty years ago! Ah! my own changed man wakes me! Twenty years! this child is not so old as that! I go forward.

"Grandfather," she calls, softly.

He deliberately put on his silver-bound spectacles, still holding the sickle in one hand.

"Humph!" he said, "I know ye and I don't know ye. 'Pears your voice sounds well beknown. 'Taint geraniums ye're after?" Then, clouding, "Ye aint Sam Plover altered like this in a year, like the West alters folks? Now Kitty shan't be disturbed, ef she did say she liked ye and then found she didn't, and ye run away out West for that—"

"I have a better memory than you," I interrupted; "for I knew you immediately. Twenty years ago—"

"Twenty years ago!" he muttered, only half convinced. "Now, Sam Plover, ye—"

"I am Samuel Joyce."

"Sammel!" he cried, throwing down the sickle and grasping my hand, while his granddaughter came nearer to me, "Sammel, it does my heart good to see ye. My! my! to think I'd forget—my Kitty's friend—my friend! But then ye air changed, aint ye, now? Dear me! deary me! twenty year! And what have ye been a doin' of these twenty year? and where have ye been? My! my! it brings it all up, ye do, Kitty and all—and Kitty dead these eighteen year and her George a year later! And to think that I took ye for young Sam that my granddaughter— To be sure! And here's the other Kitty—Kitty's daughter, George's daughter—Kitty Hinsdale. Kitty, this is your mother's old friend and mine, Sammel Joyce. Twenty year! my! my!"

She gave me her hand with shy, pretty grace. How like her mother the shyness made her.

"I am almost ashamed to meet a stranger," she said, glancing down at her attire. "But the fit came on grandfather a little while ago that I should wear some of mother's old things, just as she left them when she was young." She went hurriedly away from us, her grandfather gazing after her fondly, yet worriedly.

"For mem'ry's sake she wears 'em," he was murmuring; "for mem'ry's sake of what I done

year
com
he w
me,
ling
for n
Then
gard
spea
thou
woul
woul
W
blaze
cool
"A
wavin
it pay
and l
But K
place
the pr
"Y
softly
with u
I thou
ioned
ribbon
eyes o
her fac
"Th
I loo
of glas
and bli
see the
ua. Bu
glare f
shade h
"It w
saying.
Her g
quite ig
every m
me.
"I th
you," K
faces."
"Rem
"Yes.
go to ch
know I
bad luck
here is
ma's mi
I love m
Yes, whe
I went to
ways bee
to her ye
I have s
VOL. L

years ago—twenty years ago. Is all that time comin' back again?" He started, realizing that he was not alone, and feverishly began talking to me, something akin to a doubt still seeming to linger about him, asking questions and not waiting for my replies, watching me furtively all the time. Then he beckoned me and led me through the garden, pointing out the alterations he had made, speaking of his daughter in the same breath, as though he had been rudely awakened. Then he would turn and regard me. "Twenty years!" he would murmur.

We came out into a more open space, where the blaze of scarlet geraniums took the place of the cool lilacs of years ago.

"A pretty crop," he said, with more freedom, waving his hand over the flowers. "And it pays, it pays. I supply a many gardena. It's what me and Kitty lives on. And we don't live mean. But Kitty'll be rich yet; for we could sell this place and get a good price for it, and every year the price gets bigger. But we'd rather stay—"

"You mean only one of us would, grandfather," softly chimed in Kitty's voice. She was there with us, her face settled and serious—a little sad, I thought. She had rid herself of the old-fashioned garb and was resplendent in muslin and ribbons of modish quality. When she saw my eyes on her, she held a fan she carried up over her face.

"The glare from that window," she explained.

I looked. Far off, overlooking us, was the plate of glass in the Widow Pelette's house glittering and blinding in the sun. I even thought I could see the face behind the glass peering over toward us. But I believed that something else than the glare from the glass had made the pretty girl shade her face from me.

"It was kind of you to hunt us up," she was saying.

Her grandfather was busy over his plants and quite ignored us, going a little further from us every moment, as though glad to get away—from me.

"I think I remembered you as soon as I saw you," Kitty said. "I have such a memory for faces."

"Remember me?"

"Yes. Shall I tell you how? I did more than go to change my frock when you came in. You know I resemble mamma? Grandfather says it is bad luck for a girl to look like her mother. See, here is the locket papa used to wear, with mamma's miniature in it. I always wear it of late—I love mamma so, and I was so young to lose her. Yes, when I hurried from you to alter my dress, I went to look at your daguerreotype. It has always been with mother's things. Did you give it to her years ago? were you two very good friends? I have such a reason for asking"—her eyes on

mine. "And why has grandfather never heard from you? I asked him once whose picture that was, and he told me. I never forgot the name. I shall like you to tell me everything about my mother and her young life; nobody tells me anything. Grandfather only says she was like me and that she was a dutiful daughter. Dutiful! what does that mean? Is there anything else about me like her?"

She was dangerously like her as she stood there, a defiance in her face such as had sent me away from many a hope many a time. And yet my old daguerreotype had never been destroyed!

The old man had come a little nearer to us, muttering unintelligible things about slugs, his leather-like hands petting the geraniums as he searched for their enemies.

"Come out of the glare of that window," Kitty said, making a step toward the house. "Since grandfather cut down the trees and the old lilacs that glass is like a burning eye. Come and talk to me, please, and let me try to show you we are glad to see you, though you might not think so from grandfather's manner. He is only overwrought about a trifle just now, and—"

She led me into the shade, and the window no longer shone.

"And you will be our guest?" she said; "for we always have a room for a friend."

"I have engaged my room at the hotel."

"I am sorry." But there was a tone of relief in her voice. "But you will come every day? Grandfather sees so few people, and lately he is a little morbid. And how long do you stay here?"

"I mean to take a three months' holiday, all told."

"Three months! How charming for us and tedious for you. And you will like me?"

She crept up to me, a winning asking for aid in her eyes—"You will like me?"

"I think slugs is the sleepest things on earth," said her grandfather, coming up. "You ketch 'em asleep and they never mind."

"Like you in church," Kitty cried, her mood changing, and clinging to his arm.

"Eutyclus elep' in church even when a live minister like Paul preached," her grandfather said, cheerfully, qualifying his own dereliction.

"And Eutyclus fell from the window for so doing," Kitty rejoined; "remember that."

"Well, I beant a slug, anyways," he said, with a sigh, "though Sammel might think so for a slighthin' him. Now, Sammel, the slugs is off my mind, I'll talk."

Some one came in at the creaking gate. It was a young man, of fine face and figure and dress. Kitty disengaged herself from her grandfather's arm, and, with a mumbled word or two, hurried down the path toward the newcomer, looking

back at us, a look of half defiance, half doubt in her eyes. The two met down by the old rose-tree nearest the gate, and she led him around a curve in the garden; and so they disappeared. Her grandfather's face had gloomed over.

This man, then—was he the "trifle" which Kitty had a little while ago said her grandfather was overwrought about?

"Can't help it," he said, noticing my look; "can't help it. A good man made unhappy for him, and—"

"The gentleman is a particular friend, perhaps?"

"Averil's his name—Arthur Averil—a friend o' Kitty's," he returned. "What girls sees in certain men—why girls leaves good homes for Tom, Dick, and Harry I don't know. Now here's Kitty in everythin' a girl can want—here she is; and yet the first man that comes along—well, the second, at any rate—any man that comes along, she makes up to him and I'm nowhere's."

"It is the way of youth," I said, puzzled, "and it may be any man at all would be objectionable to you if he took Kitty's love from you."

"He couldn't do that," he said, quickly, looking down the garden-path, his hard hands involuntarily clenching; "he couldn't take her love from me any more than any man could take her mother's love."

He stopped abruptly, his hands unclasping, and his dull eye settled itself upon the ground in front of him. I saw the flutter of Kitty's ribbons as she sauntered with Arthur Averil through an alley of alders far off; and further off still the slab of plate-glass in the window of the Widow Pelette's house shone like a consuming eye. Kitty had not come into the house when I arose to go, and her grandfather did not offer to accompany me down to the gate, as I could not help thinking he would have done had he run no risk of coming upon his granddaughter and her companion.

CHAPTER II.

IT was surpassing peace after years of toil and jostle to come to this restful place for the whole three months I had allotted as my holiday, and to sit in this old house which had been the scene of many young hopes and unreasoning aspirations. In this dim parlor, with its shining mahogany furniture, Kitty Hinsdale's mother and I had often sat and talked nonsense. We did not think it nonsense then, not even when we would put back a little the hands of the tall clock outside the parlor-door. In that glass with the narrow brass frame she used always to glance as she came in to greet me—a little, satisfied, womanly glance. Her daughter had the same femininity of reliance on the polished surface of silver, as I noted, now that I had begun to go there daily

once more, as long ago, and almost daily found Arthur Averil there. There was something about the young man eminently distasteful to old Mr. Warwick; he belonged to a new era, a nervously progressive era, and perhaps he held to old tradition less than many young men in the mazes of a strong affection when anything suggestive of the beloved one, no matter how trifling it might be—if any such thing could be trifling—is invested with ideal veneration. He had a bantering way about him, a very fascinating way to many, as making small account of himself, yet making that very lack a sort of strength as hinting at almost perfection because of the deprecation of those qualities which recommended him most to others. Kitty viewed him with kinder eyes than her grandfather's; she used to look beseechingly at me as she saw a grim look come into the old man's face at something that Averil had lightly said, the forerunner of a curt word, and I would hale him forth.

"I understand you, Sammel," he would say; "but you don't know all."

To keep down these ebullitions on his part was what took me to the house every day, took me up the long, bright street and through experiences of my younger days. The old man would grasp my hand—

"I appreciate ye," he would say; "ye do keep me from speakin' right out, that's a fact. All the same, I don't like him, and I'd like to say things. He's temptin' Kitty to like him."

"But then Kitty is a daughter of Eve—may she not tempt? You know how lovely she is. Any man might tempt her to care for him—at least might try. The wonder is that she is heart-free—"

"Heart-free! she aint—at least I mean she didn't used to be before he come. And who is he that should change her? what do we know about him? who is he? where is he from?"

"Surely you know his antecedents?"

"Oh! he's free to tell about himself. He's a travelin' salesman. He travels to our house now, and it seems to pay. None o' us can keep temptations from comin', but we can keep from the acts them temptations leads up to. And that's what I want Kitty to do—I don't want her to like him."

"But you see she does."

He glared at me.

"I see a good many things in my time," he said.

Nothing could be done but to keep him quiet when the young man was here. And how Kitty appreciated this enforced silence!

"I am sorry for grandfather," she said; "but can a girl help loving where she will? Our mothers loved before us. Is it not miserable that I should be compelled to such coarseness as to say all this to you?"

"And he is very much to you, Kitty?"

Her lips quivered.

"You know he is," she said. "You were mother's friend. You were father's friend. Will you do something for me?"

"And that is?"

"Will you tell grandfather that Arthur has asked me to marry him?"

"Kitty?"

I held my arms out to her and she was sobbing on my shoulder, as she might have done on her father's shoulder. Then:

"Go," she said, "tell him now."

I found her grandfather weeding the garden.

"Let him come himself," he said, brusquely, "and not send others. That aint the way men does. Her father, he come to me that time he spoke for her mother; he didn't send you."

"But will you receive him respectfully?"

"I respect any man that respects himself."

"Then you will be generous?"

"You're as bad as Sarah Ames," he laughed; "you're—"

"Sarah Ames?"

"Oh! I forgot. She aint been here since you come. Don't you remember Sarah, the Quaker old maid? We was young together, and she's never forgot it. She's always kept the run o' me an' mine—a helpful woman to me an' mine, though queer. She was a handsome girl, too, as I remember. Well, young people is always fools. You must remember her—she was around the house enough when you used to come here, don't you know? She's took to the law now."

I remembered the cold Quakeress with inquisitorial eyes, who used to make me angry so often as she would question me about myself and my doings when I was with Kitty's mother. The old man with remembrance had become less hard, and I thought this a good time to send Arthur Averil to him.

He was with Kitty on the porch, and she hurried away when she saw me coming. I could only try to impress upon him that he must not be offended at anything the old man might say when he made his appeal. He stroked his moustache nervously.

"You are very good," he said. "It was a pity to trouble you in the matter. I expect to be rudely handled, but I don't mind that; it will not be the first time I have been so handled in this world—I have had the usual experience of men. He is an old man, a very old man, and any other fellow favoring Kitty would share the same fate with me. But I won't go and see him out there in the geraniums. I will drop in some other time to-day and have a talk with him."

"He will see you now."

"And I must go to him like a boy who has done a naughty deed? No, I will see him later.

To go out there and see that awful sickle waving like fire over the flowers—No!" Then he turned on me with a savage scowl: "Here I ought to be about my business," he said, "but that I must stay and cater to an old man's whims; for Kitty insists upon waiting until her grandfather is in a better mood. My firm's mood is of some account to me, and I must go next week to attend to long-neglected business. Have I been treated fairly here, do you think?"

I could not but think he had been subjected to many humiliations a loving man might resent. But he would not go into the garden and speak to the old man.

"No, there is respect due to me and the topic," he said.

When I came to the house later in the day he was inside with old Mr. Warwick. Kitty led me into the parlor and sat down beside and laid her cold hand on mine. We could hear the voices in the kitchen, but neither of us said a word. When we had sat thus silently for ten minutes or so, and the bright head beside me drooped, she whispered:

"I think I am to blame in this. It is my fault that grandfather holds out so long. He thought I cared for some one else—"

"Some one else?"

Her face was burning. "May I tell you?" she said. Her little hand clasped mine. "It was young Mr. Plover; we were children together, and I liked him very much. I—I did not engage myself to him, though—people thought so; grandfather thought so. And maybe in my blindness I might have done so, for I have always been such a girl to be governed by other people; but when Arthur came I saw clearer. I was very sad, though, that Sam—Mr. Plover—went West so soon afterward, for it made me feel almost as though that was my fault. Grandfather was very disappointed, and was quite cool to me for a time; and so I blame myself for a good deal."

"Are you sure in promising yourself to this other man that no thought of the first wounds you? If you are doubtful of yourself, pause, reflect; the lives of many women are wrecked without heeding this reflection. Think; be sure that you give up all else for this one man." I had not meant to speak so hotly and beseechingly. She drew her hand from mine and half arose.

"Do you, too, hate me?" she gasped; "do you, too, think me false?"

"I love you, child. I would think you true to your husband?"

"I love him," she said, "I love him."

"Are you true to him—loving, caring for no other man?"

"I love him, I love him," she kept on repeating, wringing her hands; "I love him, I love him."

And then the kitchen door opened, and Arthur

Averil, flushed and with bright smiles, was with us.

"Come!" he said to Kitty; "come!"

And, perhaps neither noticing that she still wrung her hands, she followed him into the other room, in all likelihood repeating her refrain of devotion to him.

I was on the porch a long while ere that interview in the kitchen terminated. At last Kitty flew out to me—a happy woman.

"It was his kindness," she said; "he did not say one cross word, only kissed me and said he had meant to give this house and ground to me as a wedding present whenever I should marry, so that I should not go to my husband a beggar. And more than a year ago, before I had ever seen Arthur, he had the deed made out in my name, recorded and all. Here it is." She held the paper close folded up to her heart, looking over it to me through a mist of happy tears. But her lover's arm was placed about her, and then I went to look for her grandfather.

He was not in the kitchen, he was not in the house. He was out in the garden, over among the scarlet geraniums, making a flash in the sunset as he swung his sickle aloft.

"The grass grows, all I can do to keep it down," he said, swinging his knife like a fury. "Ye know grass used to grow here years ago—around the lilacs, ye know."

Not a word about what had been said and done inside. Only the energy he expended on his sickle attested the emotion that governed him.

During the week that followed he was more docile, sat with Kitty and Averil, talked with the young man, accusing himself of unfairness, it seemed to me, and resolving to like where his inclination had been to dislike.

On the day when Averil went away on his business tour, and I was with him and Kitty and her grandfather on the porch, the young man and Kitty arose. They sauntered down into the garden, her pretty face and pink gown making a veritable rose of her.

"No use," groaned her grandfather, as we turned from contemplation of the two, "I can't like him. I can't tell why, only I'm unpious every time I look at him."

I smiled to myself, thinking of what Kitty had told me about Sam Plover.

Then we looked after the two again. Kitty led the way down to the gate and stopped at the rose-tree there. She pulled a blossom and gave it to the man beside her, as more than twenty years ago her mother had plucked one from the same tree and given it to me. Then they roved off around a curve into the alley of alders. We on the porch had fallen into silence, and I thought the old man slept as he leaned back in the huge wicker-chair, his eyes closed and the massy lines of his face still

and placid, when a light step aroused us—Kitty alone. Averil had gone and had left his farewells for us.

"Might ha' fetched them hisself," said her grandfather, straightening himself in the chair "And now he's gone, Kitty, put on one o' the old frocks to-morrow."

I looked up.

"Arthur thinks grandfather rather sentimental over those old things of mother's, and that they make me ridiculous," she said, demurely and dejectedly.

But I was startled. Were those old garments insisted upon by the old man to keep in his mind a time of love and fondness, when he had not a harsh thought for those so dear to him? His face had changed; I noted a carefully veiled, fiercely cruel light in his eyes; there was a drawing in of the powerful old mouth. Kitty had looked at him as she ended her little speech, and perhaps blamed herself for the thoughtless words of her lover. She went up the stairs and almost immediately came down again in the old lilac gown, fastening a buckle at the waist as she went and crouched at her grandfather's feet. And so I left them. But the drawn-in expression of the old man's mouth had not altered, for all the lilac-gown of his dead daughter sheathed the living loveliness of her child.

As I went down the street I was lost in cogitation. It was past sundown now, and there was the hush of pending night around me—the saddening, thoughtful stillness of a dying day. There were lights in some of the windows, and from a gate or two strayed forth a young man and young woman, and close together went softly by as shadows, loving the saddening thoughtfulness of the hour, their hearts so full of life and love. A white object fluttered down to my feet. It was a handkerchief. I was opposite the Widow Pelette's house. The plate of glass in the upper window was removed, and a pale face looked out on me.

"Pardon—my handkerchief," said a low and gentle voice.

I raised the cobweb on my cane up to the window. I saw by the movement of her chair as she took the handkerchief from me that she was helpless—an invalid. Then she turned her face inside, and the plate of glass shot into its sockets. Yet I thought she looked after me.

They told me that night in the hotel that the Widow Pelette's house was occupied by a lady named Savage, a widow, who had no use of her limbs, living in a wheeled chair—a stranger here, knowing no one, having come a little while ago with her nurse. What made me think of this suffering woman and Kitty Hinsdale at the same moment? Was it that I saw the pretty girl so alone in the world and in need of a gentle woman's influence—a woman who could suffer and yet

smile? or was it a premonition of sadder things to come that brought the faces of the two together?

CHAPTER III.

WITH Arthur Averil gone, a cheerfuller, better understood life came to the house. I tried, seeing the change, to reason that he was too new an element for the place, incongruous because of his practicability. Now that he was gone he was never mentioned by old Mr. Warwick, and had I not inquired about him and his welfare I am sure Kitty would have felt more a stranger in her home than ever. For she, too, was perforce silent, a fear of her grandfather coming to her which must have been miserable in the extreme for both to realize. She was afraid to show him that she ever thought of her absent lover, and used to invent little, unnecessary labors to let him imagine that she was far too busy to be a prey to fruitless dreams. Many a time have I watched her over in the plots of geraniums in an ancient gown, helping with the plants, and she had never helped before. Surely, the old man read her better than she thought, and perchance loved her the more while deprecating the cause of the alteration in her, for though he had a word of refusal, not lightly said, for her now and then, he kept near to her as they weeded and pruned. But the grim look about his mouth and in his eyes had never wholly gone, and I fell to thinking what plot to the detriment of Averil had bred in his old brain. Whatever it was it had taken entire possession of him and was with him day and night, his sole companion.

And how Kitty wanted companionship, how she wanted love, and how lacking it all was! And what had she done to deserve all this? Ah! there was the rub! she believed her having slighted another man's addresses was sufficient for the pain she had. If that man whom she had slighted were nothing to her, would the pain have been so great? It was hard to say—it is always hard to say if a woman feels equally aggrieved when she gives pain worthily or unworthily.

One day when a letter from Averil, which she had looked for, failed to reach her, she came to me at dusk when her grandfather was leaning back in the wicker-chair on the porch, his eyes closed. She sank down at my feet, her clasped hands on my knees, as my daughter might have done.

"Tell me about my mother and her young days," she whispered, her face smiling and yet wofully sorrowful.

So I told her a good deal about her mother, and how kind and gentle she had ever been, and how every one—man, woman, child, even birds and beasts—had been drawn to her, and many

little things I could well remember, and liked to think I did.

But she only looked eagerly in my face.

"Did mother love father very well?" she asked, thrillingly.

I thought her grandfather's hand grasped more tightly the arm of the chair on which it rested. But he had his eyes closed, and it might have been imagination. So I told her no one had ever doubted that her mother and father had cared fondly for one another.

"And was grandfather pleased for that?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Did grandfather see any one else he would rather she had liked?" she persisted.

I told her her mother had loved her father, and that was the best of all.

"Ah! yes, yes, that is the best," she said. She took her mother's picture from her bosom. "Hold this," she said, "and then I shall be sure you will be true to me. Do you think I am wrong in choosing for myself? Mother did, did she not? For I have sometimes thought since my engagement to Arthur that grandfather would have liked mother to marry some one else than poor father. For I have heard him mutter so often out there in the geraniums, when I have been very near, and he full of thought, 'Like mother, like daughter.' And I feel almost sure that he must mean that—my wearing the old gowns and all. And did mother right in marrying father? and am I right in choosing for myself? No, don't answer me; I must think for myself. You will, as all the rest, bid me think for myself, won't you? and—no, don't answer me, don't answer me; let me rest here beside you, mother's friend."

The dusk was come, and she bowed her head on her hands on my knees and seemed almost to sleep, so still was her thought and deep. Once I thought there was some one on the grass in front of the porch, and I was almost positive a drab gown fluttered there for a moment and then disappeared—as though some one had come in and, fearing to disturb us, had flitted away again. A whip-poor-will sang his plaint in the alley of alders, and another bird-voice far off was like the forlorn echo of the one so near. A sudden star of light smote through the haze like a ray of detection; there was a lamp behind the plate of glass in the Widow Pelette's house, and the flame burned through the gloom over to us and seemed to gather us in its ray. And was it imagination again? for I thought that once as we rested there, and the stars had come out up there beyond all care and pain, that a groan as from the old man beside me reached my ear. Whatever was the sound it was not repeated, and we three were as statues hemmed in by the light from that window far away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW WOMEN CAN EARN MONEY.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

IN THE ORCHARD.

THERE is no better money-making crop than fruit when it is properly managed, and apples, pears, plums, peaches, and quinces can all be made to yield a golden harvest. "A little farm well tilled" would be better planted to fruit in the first place, and to vegetable crops afterward that will thrive between the trees. Or poultry can be turned into the orchard and fattened splendidly on the windfalls as well as on the insects and their eggs, which they prevent from destroying the fruit.

An old orchard is by no means to be despised, if one falls heir to it or buys it for a mere song; yet it is a wise provision to set about planting a new one as soon as possible. There is no danger of having too many trees, if the quality is good, for "the finest grades of fruit, if one have ready transportation to a city, pay well. The orchard space which is filled now with sour, worthless apples, if properly cultivated and planted with the best varieties of pears, plums, or grapes would probably bring in more money than half of the other crops of the farm."

As an actual fact in illustration of this statement the writer met a lady last year who sold her pear crop for fifteen hundred dollars, the fruit being gathered by the purchaser and removed without the least trouble to the owner. This was a very comfortable sum to put in the bank, and gained with little or no outlay of labor or expense, but those pears were undoubtedly fine ones, and the crop large, to bring such a price.

Almost any fruit seems to promise a larger profit than apples, because such immense quantities of them are raised everywhere; yet, on the other hand, they keep better for transportation, and in one day thirty thousand barrels of American apples were shipped to London. Baldwins and Russets last longer in good conditions than any other varieties, and as they can be bought here when the fruit is plentiful for a dollar and a half a barrel and bring two dollars on the other side, it is easily seen that a handsome profit can be made in this way.

Apples, however, bring good prices at home when properly managed; and the case of a gentleman is cited who "applies business judgment to the management of his orchards, and disposes of their products as seems most profitable. If it is a year in which apples (and he cultivates his orchards and always has fruit) bring satisfactory prices, he barrels his fruit and sends it to market. If the returns show that the fruit is worth more to him at home, the apples are at once converted into cider and the cider into vinegar. Having ascertained that, as a rule, he can get more for the products of his orchards in the form of vinegar, he has a vinegar house arranged, with every appliance needed for vinegar making. Experience has taught him that in most years vinegar is the most profitable form in which to market even his good apples. But then he has established a repu-

tation for his brand upon both apple and vinegar barrels."

A fruit evaporator is a great saving where there is an abundance of fruit; and some one says that if, in addition, you will work industriously, and have only a first-class product for the market, it will pay. A thousand bushels of good apples will yield four thousand pounds of evaporated fruit, which would bring about twelve cents a pound. This is more profitable than to sell the green fruit for an average of twenty-five cents a bushel. Evaporated fruit always brings a better price than that dried in old style, and it costs very little to run an evaporator. The first cost of the instrument is considerable, but it varies according to size; and there are small ones which will dry about ten bushels, while the largest will turn out from a hundred to a hundred and fifty bushels in twenty-four hours.

Evaporated peaches and quinces are equally good; and a promising field seems to offer itself in buying up the waste fruit on retired farms to dry in an evaporator, as the latter would soon pay for itself. There is certainly less risk, as well as less expense, involved, than in buying a piano in the hope of teaching music scholars.

Fruit trees will repay the most thorough care, and old, neglected orchards can be made to yield a plentiful harvest. Careful pruning, removing every indication of worms, and washing both trunk and body with soap-suds, are excellent renovators; and, in addition to this, the experiment has been tried of removing the turf around each tree, which had not been disturbed for several years, for about two feet in diameter, and taking out some thirty quarts of loose earth. Unleached ashes and chip manure were then put into the cavity, with a covering of the loose dirt; and the effect is described as "wonderful! Plum-trees, that were going to the bad, revived; peach-trees, that had presented small and shriveled leaves, threw out a luxuriant foliage; and cherry-trees gave fruit larger and fairer than ever before."

This successful treatment seems simple enough to encourage the owners of neglected orchards to like activity; and why should not some enterprising woman with a small capital buy an unproductive orchard and carefully work it into a paying condition? The thing can be done, and few efforts would yield so high a rate of interest.

Even a few trees treated in the best possible way would prove a capital worth owning; and nowhere does the principle of a choice few, rather than an ordinary many, work better than in the matter of raising fruit for market. It is this knowledge which arms the cultivator with the iron nerve needed to thin out his crops before they ripen—often to destroy more than half the fruit that the remainder may have the benefit of all the nourishment afforded by the tree. "Thinning out the fruit," says an authority on the subject, "is a necessity where it is too thick, if the best results are to follow. Large-sized fruit is desirable, but such can be expected only where it has room to grow."

"can
prop
to s
prop
An
break
kept
the w
is so
foolis
by th
gain.
WH
and t
nious
that t
still r
unequ
rated
pies,
there
the de
one g
least
ceived
"As
a prac
mental
alone.
showy
present
for it
pears,
fruit er
consider
price it
would
The
Quince,
but the
pion Q
found n
as it is
quality
years' s
while o

A GL
pre
abo
arms an
dam; N
the mon
The Ha
pink or
which H
cintins;
land; N
No. 9, th
time, sho
the Rive
Amsterd

"A tree overloaded with fruit," says another, "can neither perfect the fruit nor ripen its wood properly, and in a severe climate is quite likely to succumb to a degree of cold which, under proper treatment, it could have resisted perfectly." And yet how often one sees a tree bending and breaking beneath its load of fruit, and only kept from the latter by wooden props to take off the weight! For fruit-raising, like other things, is so apt to be done on the penny-wise and pound-foolish system, and a serious loss hid from sight by the towering proportions of a little present gain.

Why has not the quince question been taken up and thoroughly mastered by a band of impecunious but determined women? Do they not know that the golden fruit holds out the promise of a still more golden harvest? It is a fruit almost unequalled for preserves, and it can be used evaporated to almost any extent, as it makes delicious pies, puddings, and various other dainties, and there never is enough of it in market to supply the demand. It always brings a good price; and one good-sized quince orchard should yield at least as much as the lady above mentioned received for her pears.

"Aside from the usefulness of the fruit," writes a practical horticulturist, "the tree is very ornamental and deserves attention for this purpose alone. The leaves are large, the flowers large and showy; and in the fall, the yellow fruit has a very presentable appearance. While we do not claim for it the same prominence given to apples and pears, yet we do insist that its qualities as a table-fruit entitle it, both in country and city, to more consideration than it is now receiving; and the price it commands in the market, one should think, would stimulate its cultivation.

The best-known variety, perhaps, is the *Orange Quince*, as it is the most prolific and ripens early; but the *Portugal* has the finest flavor. The *Champion Quince*, however, a newer variety, would be found most profitable for money-making purposes, as it is not only large and showy, but of excellent quality for cooking. Young trees of two or three years' standing will often be loaded with fruit, while other varieties of the same age have not

begun to bear. It is a very late variety, and the fruit can be kept in its native state until the middle of winter.

Those who are engaged in raising fruit make a great point of having it ripen early; and when it can be produced in advance of the season, a handsome profit is secured. But for the multitude, there is always an earlier bird who catches the worm, and it would be a good stroke of diplomacy, instead of struggling among the first, to be as late as possible. Let the man who can sell his strawberries at a dollar a quart in April do it; but there is nothing to prevent you from having an equally desirable crop in July or August. It is only necessary to cultivate the latest varieties that will keep well for market, and then to send them fresh and glowing and daintily set off by green leaves, to compare favorably with the less-attractive raspberries and blackberries, for which many people care very little.

It is a fact worth knowing that the most profitable apples and pears are those that do not ripen till the approach of cold weather. They can be shipped long distances and will keep a long time; they can be disposed of in the spring when there is no small fruit to come in competition with them; they are better for drying or for making cider than the early fruit.

The care of an orchard is neither a hard nor an unwomanly occupation, and chronic invalids who have tried it testify that they have gained both health and strength in addition to the substantial returns in their pockets. Grafting is easily learned and practiced, and it is particularly remunerative, as fine varieties of fruit are obtained in this way where they would not thrive at all by the ordinary method.

Almost any woman whose lot is cast in the country can have an orchard of her own; and if she does not find one already at hand on which she can improve, the best way of beginning a new one is to study the nurserymen's catalogues—all of whom will send them on application—and compare different varieties until a combination of the necessary marketable qualities is secured. These pamphlets also furnish some instruction; and this, with one or two good works on the subject, will suffice for a respectable start.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

HOLLAND.

A GLANCE at the series of illustrations will prepare our young readers for a little talk about Holland. No. 1 represents the royal arms and flag; No. 2, the new museum at Amsterdam; No. 3, the old gate at Rotterdam; No. 4, the monument in honor of William the Silent, at The Hague; No. 5, a Dutch vessel, known as a pink or pinck; No. 6, some of the flowers for which Holland is noted, as tulips, lilies, and hyacinths; No. 7, a bride's costume in South Holland; No. 8, market people skating to market; No. 9, the grand canal at Amsterdam in winter time, showing the palace; No. 10, windmills on the River Scheldt; No. 11, canal drawbridge at Amsterdam; No. 12, dairy produce, exports; No.

13, a flower farm; and No. 14, the "harvest of the sea."

An observant boy or girl may readily learn from these pictures several important facts in regard to Holland. That it is a low, flat country, intersected with canals; that these canals form the great highways, both in summer and winter; and that the Dutch have fine cities, with handsome buildings. To particularize, Holland has no mountains and but few hills or woods, but may be compared to one large meadow, whose chief products are grass, corn, and flowering bulbs. The greater part of the country is below the level of the sea, which is kept from overflowing the land by means of immense dykes or walls of earth and stone. The chief rivers are the Rhine and the Scheldt, which here move very sluggishly, emptying into the

North Sea by numerous mouths. These mouths are connected by artificial channels, and all the canals and the rivers themselves are lined by a system of earthworks. Holland is dotted all over with windmills, many of which are attached to

spring these flower farms display immense patches of brilliant color, indescribably beautiful. When you are older you will read about the famous "Tulip Mania," when fortunes were staked upon a single tulip-bulb.



small pumps for carrying away the drainage of the marshes.

A large proportion of the country is occupied with pasture-land, and excellent cattle are raised. Butter and cheese form the chief exports. Hundreds of acres are devoted to the cultivation of tulips, hyacinths, narcissi, and the like, and in

In summer the canals are traversed by boats of all kinds, but especially by small steamers. In winter these canals become solid roadways, upon which men and women and children alike travel on skates, in sleighs, or in boats mounted upon runners. If you care to know more, read Mrs. Dodge's book, *Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates*.

But also will
The dam, drive for thro From prod and Hag The capit liam, Gron have whom cover Willi terda A bro Durin place

My in her and to cause hold mothe not al means tion. overta ill. And and " mothe she ha ing of for her than which gladly only t again. If e the ac forma tion ha —of w I hear praisev duty ca not unc self-sac tempti My be no d the on one's d all you

But this pretty story treats not only of skates—it also tells you far more about Holland than you will be likely to learn in a hundred short articles.

The chief seaports are Amsterdam and Rotterdam, the former of which is built upon piles driven into the mud. It is a splendid city, noted for its palace and museum. The canals running through Amsterdam are crossed by drawbridges. From these ports are sent out principally dairy products, flower-bulbs, earthenware, velvet, linen, and gin. The other principal cities are The Hague, Leyden, Utrecht, Groningen, and Delft. The Hague (which means The Hedge) is the capital. Here is the monument erected to William, Prince of Orange. Leyden, Utrecht, and Groningen are famous university towns, which have always been the abode of learned men, to whom we are indebted for some wonderful discoveries. Delft is noted for its porcelain; here William the Silent met his death in 1584. Rotterdam is renowned as the birthplace of Erasmus. A bronze statue to his memory may be seen here. During the Middle Ages Amsterdam was the only place in Europe where existed liberty of the press.

The Dutch build excellent ships. During the seventeenth century they were the greatest naval power in Europe, and they boasted of a number of eminent admirals. At Zaardam, near Amsterdam, Peter the Great, of Russia, worked as a laborer to learn shipbuilding. To-day the Dutch employ their vessels principally for fishing and the coasting trade.

The people are of German origin and number about four millions. Their language is Dutch, sometimes called Low German. They are intelligent, industrious, and generally well educated. Their government is a limited monarchy; their religion Protestant, principally Reformed or Presbyterian.

Holland has rich colonial possessions, including Java, parts of the islands of Borneo, Sumatra, and Celebes, and Dutch Guiana in South America.

The history of Holland is interesting as a romance. Their national hero is William, Prince of Orange, who delivered them from the tyranny of Spain. All this you may read in Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

The Home Circle.

LETTER FROM AUNTIE.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—I have been deeply pained in hearing of a young girl who feels that her time and talents are being wasted just at present because she is obliged to take charge of the household duties and to care for her mother. The mother toiled and saved and worked when she was not able, so that the daughter should have the means and the opportunity to obtain a good education. Just as the graduation was attained, the overtasked strength gave way and the mother was ill.

And now the daughter is "degrading" herself and "wasting her talents" by caring for her sick mother; by doing what her conscience alone, if she had one, would compel her to do, saying nothing of the love which *ought* to make it impossible for her to be willing to go or to remain elsewhere than at her mother's sick-bedside—doing that which, perhaps, in the years to come she would gladly, if she could, give years of her life to do if only thus could she have her mother with her again.

If education does not help to train the mind to the acceptance of whatever is right, to the performance of whatever one ought to do, the education has failed in part—and a very important part—of what all true education should aim to give. I hear it spoken of as a very remarkable and praiseworthy action when a daughter whose every duty calls her at her home remains there, and I cannot understand why it should be considered a noble self-sacrifice not to do simply what it would be contemptible not to do.

My dear young friends, believe that there can be no dishonor in doing whatever it is right to do; the only dishonor is in failing to be faithful to one's duty. Do ever with all your hearts, with all your might, with all your faithfulness, that

which it is plainly right that you should do. If duty calls you away from home, go forth armed with true courage and a determination not to fail in any righteous undertaking. But if duty keeps you at home, if she requires you to perform the humblest services for the home-life and comfort and need, do not hesitate, press on bravely in the path in which she leads you, and victory will await you—somewhere; victory which will crown you with the crown given to a true and noble life.

Honor your fathers and your mothers. Do not let them feel that they are reduced to the position in your thoughts and affections of mere purveyors for your needs and comforts. Ties are not given for nothing, nor are any ties binding on but one side alone. The closest of all ties are those of parenthood—those binding fathers and mothers to their offspring and binding children to their parents. Too often, as the children grow up, the parents are at once relegated to the position of the "old folks," and not those (would they were more) who are cherished, but those whose interests in life are being stamped and crushed out by the succeeding generations—who are rudely elbowed out of the way as though they cumbered the ground which has been their battle-field and on which they have won such valiant victories for love's sake.

I have read a very heart-touching account of a mother who (so said one of her children) "had outlived her usefulness and was a burden to everybody." This heartless remark was made of a mother of whom even the same son was obliged to admit that "she had been a good mother and had toiled hard to bring up her children." After her "days of usefulness" were passed, however, her children were unwilling to care for her. She was permitted to be among them only on sufferance.

At last she lay quiet in her last receptacle, awaiting in body the depositing in the last resting-

place, from which she would arise never more to trouble any one on earth. She was past all needs, she was no more trouble, she required no more unwillingly rendered service—all that was, for her, over forever. On her face there "rested a look of patient endurance" and an expression of grief and sadness, so deeply had unrequited love and bitter sorrow engraved themselves in her heart.

The years will pass with all, and with their passing each one takes another step toward the sure goal of age. Remember, in justice, in mercy, in conscience, that as you want to be treated when your turn comes, it is but right that you should be willing to treat now those who are thus advancing. This is but the law of justice. But beyond that for all who will there is a higher law, love—the law of the Lord: "As I have loved you, love you one another."

AUNTIE.

WOMEN AS WE FIND THEM.

"**H**OW good it is to feel welcome when one enters the home of another!" we thought one day last week, when with timid rap we called at the poor little home of our neighbor Fanny.

It was in the forenoon, and the little woman was busy, but her face grew radiant with pleasure at our coming.

"I am always glad to see you; you always do me good somehow," she said, taking both our hands in hers. And then she went on with her work, without saying, like some women do, "Come in, if you can get in for the dirt," or, "Seems as if I am in a mess every time you come."

Then, while she buttered the pans and floured the kneading board and washed her pinky hands over again and began molding the sweet-smelling, wheaty, yeasty loaves, we talked. We talked a little of everything; she asked how we liked our new neighbors; how we made bread without potatoes or scalding the flour; how the new minister fitted into the new place; how much we paid for the last picture; how we got along at the seashore, and all about the bathing and the costumes and the great waves that rushed on defiantly; how much the trip cost and where the girls got that good-fitting pattern, and lots of things. And we, in turn, inquired about the baby's teeth, told her a cure for baby's burns and colic; promised her some pie-plant roots to set out, and a slip of hoyia and a root of our fine Guelder rose; suggested a grape-vine to shade the end of the portico; commended her large, wide aprons, that saved her dresses so well, and said we would remember her when we looked over the contents of the yarn and stocking basket in the fall.

Her cheerful contentment did us good. When we started to go home we said: "How good and foody your rising loaves do smell!" And then the little woman, with a pleased, brisk, bustling, and yet blushing way, said:

"There is one odd loaf; one more than the oven will hold, and one more than I really wanted to make. I will be so glad if you will accept of it and take it home and bake it yourself."

We were very willing to do it; the kindly little deed made us both happy. We planned, too, so that her bread returned to her in cookies.

How different women are!

When we were invited once this way: "Come to-morrow and bring dear Cousin Howland with you and make me a good, long visit. I want her to carry home with her pleasant memories of her relatives," we thought the invitation meant all day, or for dinner anyhow, and we two elderly, old-fashioned folks were tingling Aunt Mary's bell a little before eleven o'clock, dressed in our very best and smiling our brightest.

It was a long time before the door opened, and such a dismayed countenance we never beheld!

There stood Mrs. Mary, looking "quite contrary," her sleeves rolled up and her arms floury, an old slat bonnet flapping on her head askew, her hair in crimps, sticking out like burrs and bristles and thorns. Her very mouth fell ajar, and the whites of her black eyes fairly glared at the unwelcome, old, eager folks who stood there all puckered and smiling, with their gloved hands laid over each other primly. It was serious then, but funny enough now to laugh over.

She—Aunt Mary—tried to smile, but her dear, distorted face looked as if a log had rolled over it and mashed it into a ludicrous grimace.

"Oh! I wan't looking for you yet," she stammered out, and then she followed up with, "Come right in. I'll start a fire; you see we got up a little late this morning," and there in the same breath she said sweet and bitter things while she essayed to start the hard coal fire in a cheerless parlor, where everything looked precise and uninhabited, stiff and inhospitable. And then we drew two cold, smooth chairs anear the poky fire, the hostess backing out with a bowing of the bonnet that flapped like wet wings.

We did not see her again till dinner, but we heard the rattle of pans and kettles, and the jingle of cutlery that had to be chamoused over, piece by piece; heard the cry when the potatoes burned and when the coffee boiled over and when the tureen cover fell and broke. And we heard exclamations of delight over the canned fruit that was "just as nice as the day it was put up," over the pies that were a "splendid bake," over the cream the chubby lad delivered at the side door, and over the new napkins, stiff and stark, and bought "for de'casion."

It chanced that we two "visiting brethren" were not women who "took things to heart," who laid up queer sayings and doings to worry over, but women who knew the ways of the world and could make all sorts of allowance, giving wide margin to the women who fuss and are easily annoyed and who must "fix" for everything.

To this day we look back to that visit with that beloved relative—we two alone, conversing freely—as one of the most enjoyable days we ever lived. Mrs. Mary had no cause for the least degree of annoyance, and if she remembers it we hope she recalls nothing that gives her regret or shame or uneasiness. The cousin said after we returned home: "How I wish she had just come into the parlor and visited, and we three could have had better times eating a bit of bread and butter and tea." And then she quoted, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is."

We often hear members of our family refer to a time that they attended a Sabbath-school Convention in a large town as delegates. After they had stopped at a hotel for dinner the resident minister, a poor man, came to them and insisted that they

dine at his house instead. It had not been the intention, but he could not agree to the arrangement, and they went home with him, feeling like intruders.

The welcome from grandma and the wife and children was cordial. At dinner the minister waited upon his guests, politely showing them marked attention, conversing in an easy way that made the shy delegates feel "at home" in the best sense of the term.

The meal consisted of boiled beans, fried pork, bread and butter, and dried-apple sauce, with coffee. The fare was very humble, but the lesson taught those young people was invaluable—a lesson the good of which will never leave them. They will profit by it as long as they live. Not one word of apology was offered. The best of good cheer prevailed. Good humor abounded. A spirit of gratitude filled the hearts of this poor little family. They were rich; they saw no cause for repining. While they were at dinner a neighbor called in who was opposed to mission work, both home and foreign. The wife of the minister, in an easy way, but with a face radiant and in language enthusiastic, defended these causes in words that were calm, clear, pointed, yet very earnest, while she did not seem to marvel at her neighbor's difference of opinion. She did this while she hushed to sleep the babe on her bosom and looked after the wants of three other little ones.

There were four of these delegates. They now occupy four homes and are influential heads of families, and the incidents of that dinner at the poor minister's has stamped its seal of good on four households.

What great things hinge on little matters! How glad we are that such things be!

Entertaining is an art. Women have so much to learn before they will find the key that unlocks these massive gates that they look upon with dread. Instead of gates only a fold of gossamer lightness is there. Among other things that are not clear to the understanding of women in general is that they will take their kitchens and their servants and their multitude of cares with them at all times and all places.

Of a little woman one said the other day: "She's a nice little soul, but she will take her kitchen into the parlor."

How many of us mar our best times by this unladylike, uncourteous allusion to our private, domestic, or home affairs!

"How do you green your pickles so nicely?" a farmer's wife called out at a wedding dinner to the hostess. And then she began telling how she made hers, to the edification of no one. "Do you use the butter color, or is your butter just the natural yellow?" she inquired, and forthwith began a dissertation on butter colors; the kind mamma always used in her day, the sort her neighbor preferred, and her cousins and all her kindred. When the cranberry sauce was passed to her she said: "Yes, indeed, I always eat cranberry sauce with turkey; now my Charles never does, but I think cranberry sauce keeps the fowl from laying ill on one's stomach." And this woman—a good neighbor, kind and sympathizing and helpful always—made herself, by her ill-timed allusions and too-frequent remarks, disagreeable and the subject of unkind though silent comments.

Too often it is the best women who appear at a disadvantage. One will talk of nothing so glibly as of hired help; another is most eloquent of "my Janey;" another talks about the C. L. S. C. to those who do not know what it means, and if they did would not care for it; another talks rugs, rag carpets, fancy work, and crazy quilts until one would think she knew nothing else; another, of her dead husband, whom she mourns perpetually; another, of the church, its debts, its low state of spirituality, and of the members who do not honor their profession, and another dwells continually on her own home affairs and the work that keeps busy her hands from month to month.

Well, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." How hard it is to be wise and discreet—to keep a mind well balanced, thoughts in harmony, love in all our actions; to live above reproach; to keep an eye single to the life-pattern He set before us; to love all men; to forgive; to judge leniently and lovingly; to see humanity always at its best; to lift our thoughts and endeavors above the low places in our lives, and to get up into a purer altitude.

No wonder the poor human soul cries out often, "Who shall roll away the stone?" One there is to whom all may look—One who hears every despairing wail, and who will listen to the voice when the burden of the sorrowing cry is, "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!"

PIPSEY POTTS.

A WORD WITH COUNTRYWOMEN.

UNDER this head the August number of *The Century* contains the following "open letter" from Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, which discusses certain questions of interest to a large body of American women, and in a very sensible manner:

Jenkins seems to have broken out lately in a new spasm of industry and enthusiasm. The daily papers—even such as a very few years ago would have considered it quite beneath their dignity to devote column after column to "society news," so called—now carry to the remotest hamlets among the hills or on the prairies minute details of Mrs. Midas's ball and Mrs. Grundy's reception, and of what the favored guests ate and drank and did and wore. Nobody finds fault with this. If there are those who care to read these details, thus getting brief and tantalizing glimpses of what they consider "high life," it is the privilege and perhaps the duty of the newspapers to supply the demand. But shall we vex our souls and wear out our bodies in vain attempts to copy, in a feeble and microscopic way, the doings of the above-mentioned ladies? Why not have our own ideas, our own standards, as to what is fit and becoming—not, perhaps, for Mrs. Midas, but for us?

Because Mrs. Midas, who dines at seven, finds it pleasant and convenient to receive her friends anywhere from nine to twelve or later, why should we country-folk, who, as a rule, dine at one and have our cup of tea at six, think it necessary to yawn until nine or ten o'clock before we put on our best clothes and go to Mrs. Brown's party? Why make a burden of what might be a pleasure? Most people in the country find it necessary, or at least convenient, to breakfast as early as half-past seven. This certainly implies being in bed and asleep before the small hours.

Remember, I am not quarreling with Mrs. Midas. No doubt she orders her life after the manner that experience has proved most easy and comfortable—for her. But I fail to see why we who are so differently situated should consider it "the thing" to adopt her hours. Why should we go to parties at nine o'clock when every mother's daughter of us knows it would be easier and more convenient to go at half-past seven?

Mrs. Midas has her retinue of a dozen servants, more or less. Yet, if she is to give a dinner of any pretension, she does not depend solely upon her household forces, but calls in aid from outside.

How is it in the country? The great majority of the women who read *The Century* keep one servant—at the most, two. The country housekeepers who are under bondage to more than two are the very rare exceptions. Why should we not entertain our friends with a simplicity commensurate with the service at our command? Simplicity is not meanness, it is not shabbiness, it is not inhospitality. It means just this: That, time and strength being limited quantities both for mistress and maid, many a woman who would delight to receive her friends cannot afford to spend two or three days in the kitchen concocting an array of delicacies for which, after all is done, very few people care a straw. Every hostess knows that man is an eating animal and that some light refreshment greatly adds to the ease and pleasure of an evening entertainment. But why is an elaborate supper necessary on every occasion? If a dozen of your friends pass the evening with you for a little music, or conversation, or whist, or what not, the chances are that not one of them would have thought of tasting anything if they had stayed at home.

Since the appearance of a certain "open letter" in *The Century* for May, 1883, touching upon some phases of country life, many women have appealed to the writer for advice as to forming literary clubs and societies of one sort and another. Ladies, let me say this, right here: Set your faces as a flint against any proposition for having "refreshments."

"Oh! but," says some one, "it would be so pleasant to have coffee and sandwiches, or chocolate and sponge-cake, or something. We might confine ourselves to one or two things."

Yes, you might, if you would. But the trouble is, you will not. First one member will break over the rule and add a salad to the coffee and sandwiches, next week her neighbor will add scalloped oysters to the salad, and so it will grow as it goes until the main object of your society is overshadowed by the eating business, and your Reading Circle, your Musicales, your Fortnightly, becomes a burden. Finally, the members begin to say: "O Mrs. President! I am so sorry, but my cook has given warning, and I can't possibly have the club this week!" And, ten to one, the club dies in three months. All which trouble will be avoided if you make up your minds to meet together and study, or read, or sing, or play, without being confronted with the grim necessity of providing something to eat.

Not long ago a journal of wide circulation printed words to this effect (I quote from memory): "Whatever a housekeeper does or leaves undone, let her remember this—no lady who makes any pretensions to living elegantly, or even handsomely, will allow a napkin to appear upon her

table twice without being laundered. Napkin-rings are banished to the nursery, where they should always have remained."

Now, no one can deny that a napkin fresh and crisp from the laundry is a daintier object than one that has lost its first freshness, even if clasped by the prettiest of rings. If one has plenty of servants and plenty of napkins, this is, without doubt, exceedingly pleasant advice to follow. But what if we were to do a little sum in multiplication? The average family is said to consist of five members.

$$5 \times 3 \times 7 = 105.$$

In round numbers, nine dozen napkins a week for a family of five.

Mesdames, who write for the papers and tell us what must and what must not be done, you may not believe it, but there are women who aspire to living handsomely and daintily, if not elegantly, who have pretty, well-kept houses and daintily appointed tables, yet who never had nine dozen napkins at once in all their lives, and never expect to have. What shall they do about it? Perhaps as an alternative they would better dispense with napkins altogether, as those stately and dignified dames, our venerated foremothers, did! Elegance and even neatness are terms hard to define. Latitude and longitude have a great deal to do with them. The Japanese lady lifts her almond eyes and laughs with mocking disdain at the Western barbarians who actually wash napkins and handkerchiefs that they may use them a second time. She uses her pretty trifle once and burns it.

This is a very trifling matter? Yes; and if it stood alone it would not be worth mentioning. But a pound of feathers is just as heavy as a pound of lead. Let those who can afford to indulge their dainty tastes do so, and be thankful. But when it becomes a matter of choice between three fresh napkins a day—or anything else that may stand as their equivalent—and the new book or the longed-for picture, the leisure to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the June roses, or to take the children out in the wide pastures and watch the changeful lights and shadows on the mountain sides—then what shall be said about it? It is over-anxiety about matters like these that comes between the soul of many a woman and that higher, calmer, sweeter life for which she really yearns.

It is really true of the great middle class that are scattered all over our land, from Maine to Florida, from Massachusetts to Oregon, that they cannot have this and that. They are shut out from many, indeed from most, of the advantages of great cities. They do not have picture galleries, museums, and public libraries, nor the stimulus of busy, magnetic crowds.

But they may have—they may absorb into their own beings—the strength of the hills and of the sea, the calm of the plains, the peace of the sky, the patience of the earth, that lies waiting through all the wintry hours, assured that seed-time and harvest shall not fail. They may secure time to read and to think. They may pluck the roses of content.

Shall they lose all these in a vain attempt to grasp, not the best things of a far different life, but some of its merest externals, thus adding to all their cares and labors and getting nothing that is worth having in return?

JULIA C. R. DOBB.

Character Sketches.

ONREASONABLENESS.

I'M one o' them as b'lieves, fur the most part, in patronizin' the bizness o' yer own neighborhood, an' helpin' them as Providence hez cast yer lot with, jest as I b'lieve, in everything, we ort to do fust the juty that lies nearest to us. But, on t'other han', ef peeple duzn't mind, they'll git so narrier and contracted that they'll think ther isn't nuthin' ayout ther own narrier sferre that's wuth hevin' or doin'. I don't want, in nuthin', fur to git hide-bound. The airth is a putty broad place, an' I've rather tried to teechn myself to think of it as my home, an' the neighborhood o' Slocum as my locashun, while I tabennickle in the body. Ef we sot ourselves up 'count o' our pertickler locashun, we're in danger o' gittin' to suspectin' everything an' everybody from ennywhers else. Then we owe it to them about us to bring into the sferre o' our immejiate homes whatever 'll help or giv pleasure to them as lives with us.

An on this pint it's my 'pinion, Miss Jones, that we aint none o' us as is parents as pertickler as we hed ort to be to act with jedgment an' considerashun concernin' our childern. We furgit how we felt when we wuz young, an' what sort o' things guv us pleasure. I mind onct when I wuz a child a second cousin o' my mother's come fur to pay us a visit, an' she fetched me a dress—white, with little rosebuds printed onto it—an' a pocket-hankercher with birds settin' in a vine fur a border, an' some verses stomped in the middle. I'll never furgit the delight I 'xperenced, an' the air o' mystery surroundin' them things as hed come from 'way off som'rs, I didn't know wher.

I reekolected this while me an' Urier wuz away, an' we went to the city. Melvyn Fulton hed sed it wuz a pity fur us not to go, as we wuz so near, so we tuck her advice an' went. I want to fetch out at the proper time some o' the things we seed while we wuz there, fur we seed a heap o' foolishness as well as some things as wuz sensible. But while we wuz there I sez to Urier, sez I:

"Urier, Marthy Ann an' Hezekier 'll be a gittin' married afore long, an' I think it would please her amazin' ef we wuz to git some o' her weddin' gear fur to take home to her," sez I.

Urier jined in, an' thort too it would, so we jest got this thin truck fur her weddin' dress, an' she wants Mahitabil Shearer fur to make it up kind o' fluff like, an' I make no dout Marthy Ann 'll look amazin' well in it, with her fair skin an' blue eyes like her fother. It 'pears to me white is allers the most becomin'est as well as the most suitablest fur a weddin' dress, fur it 'pears like a kind o' emblem o' the purity an' truthfulness as ort to be in the heart o' her as is gettin' married. Marthy Ann wuz amazin' pleased with it, as well as with the more substanshuler dress we fetched her. It wuz wuth while to bring 'em, jest fur to see the pleased, surprised look in her eyes. The rest o' her things an' her settin' out we'll try to git in the neighborhood o' Slocum.

Yes, Miss Jones, it's in natur' fur young folks to git married. It's jest what ther fothers an' mothers done afore 'em. It 'pears to me ther's a heap

o' onreasonableness among parents, as well as a powerful sight o' willfulness an' disobedience among childern sometimes; an' it's hard to tell which makes the most unhappiness. Parents is apt to furgit that ther childern hez feelin's an' lives o' ther own, an' rights pertickler to themselves a growin' out o' these. It's my 'pinion that ef parents wuzn't never onreasonable with ther childern, ther childern wouldn't so often be onreasonable with them.

This puts me in mind o' what happened when I wuz a girl, in yonder to Rush, wher I wuz fetched up. We hed a minister there fur a spell, a minister with a wife an' only one child, a darter, an' a likely-lookin' girl she wuz. The minister wuz one o' these what ye might call reg'lar perdishun preachers, a bangin' the pulpit an' tellin' the sinners what a terrible thing the wrath o' God wuz, an' that God wouldn't allers strive with men, but in wrath would send 'em to eternal distruchun ef they didn't cry out fur immejiate mercy. Accordin' to his teechnin' ther 'peared to be two ways, one a leadin' to perdishun an' t'other to distruchun, an' do what ye would ye wuz bound fur to take one or t'other.

Ther's a sayin' in Scripther, "An' they will walk every one in the ways o' his God;" an' it did 'pear wonderful true in this case, fur that minister did 'pear to grow more an' more like the God he picted, a bein' o' anger an' vengeance. His wife wuz a quiet, skear'd-lookin' little body that wuz hardly ever well, an' scursly ever ventered to make a remark when he wuz about.

The darter 'peared to hev the tender feelin's an' quiet ways o' her mother, but ther wuz a look in her eye that showed that the minister hed stomped a little o' his datermined sperit into her natur', an' he'd better not tamper with it too fur. She teeched the school a spell, an' they did say her fother tuck the biggest eend o' her money from her, sayin' young folks didn't know the wuth o' money. She never made no complaint, though, but worked away, givin' a heap o' satisfacahun in her teechnin'.

But this state of affairs couldn't last allers. A change wuz comin', an' in a way as nobody didn't look fur. Ther wuz a few akers o' groun' 'jinin' the minister's house, an' this he hed to git worked. Bein' of sich severe ways, it wuz putty hard fur him to git a han' to stay, an' so every now an' agin he found himself without one.

At one o' these times along come a stranger in the neighborhood an' offered hisself fur the place. He wuz a tall, broad-shouldered, likely lookin' feller, with a pleasin' 'xpresshun onto his face, an' though his close wuz them of a workin'man, ther wuz a uncommon fine bearin' an' gentle way about the man, sich as ye don't often see with the common run o' men in general.

Hellen, the minister's darter, wuz jest a comin' home from her school on the evenin' o' one o' them putty, soft spring days as comes sometimes along in the month o' March. She wuz trippin' along putty brisk, fur she allers hurried of a evenin', so as to be home in time fur to git the supper an' rest her mother. They didn't keep no help

but a little girl to run of errands an' wash dishes. The minister b'lieved in takin' exercise, he sed, but 'peared to think hisself a excephun to the practis of it.

Well, jest wher the little school-path come into the road, she met this young man as I wuz a speakin' of, John Burns, as he afterward guv his name. Not expectin' to see nobody, she looked a leetle startled at fust, an' then a putty pink come into her face an' a look in her eyes as ef a reflectshun o' suthin' her inner natur' might ha' saw inside the soul o' the man as stood afore her, fur he hed kind o' stopped, too. Jest as she started to go on he spoke up, an' sez he:

"Excuse me, Miss, but can you direct me to Rev. Mr. Mitchell's?" sez he.

"I am his daughter, and going directly there. The house stands just round that corner behind the clump of trees," sez she, in her putty spoken, quiet, yit independent sort o' way, an' they walked on, him a bein' keerful, as he wuz a stranger, not to push hisself no ways out'n his propper place, an' not presumin' to begin no furdur conversashun. When they come to the gate, instid o' hangin' back kind o' shy or blunderin' forrid in a rough way, as yer apt to see, he quietly opened it an' held it back fur her to pass in.

"Please tell your father I heard he wanted a hand, and I would like to speak to him," sez he, an' she drapped her eyes an' went in.

"Father, there's a young man outside who would like to speak to you about work," sez she, as she come in wher her fother wuz a settin'; an' then she went an' tetch'd a little kiss onto her mother's forrid as her fother went out.

"Why, Hellen, how you're flushed!" sez her mother. "I'm afraid you walked too fast in your hurry to get home to help me," sez she.

"Oh! no, it's such a nice, soft day, I guess that's it," sez she, an' she cast a glance out o' the winder as she went fur to put away her things. Putty soon she wuz out in the kitchen a gittin' supper, with a oncomon look o' animashun in her face, as ef she might ha' bin tetch'd by a onseen han'; fur it wuz plain to be seed that the look growed out'n suthin' within herself rather than the things she wuz bizzy with, though I don't s'pose she guv it a thort o' reflectshun. Afore long her fother come in an' sez he:

"Well, I've hired a hand, though I must say he don't look as if he'd worked much. I hope he'll prove better than some of the good-for-nothing fellows I've had before, and not be so hard to get along with," sez the minister, in his stern sort o' way, an' in a voice that 'peared to snap you up an' sot you down agin putty hard.

"I hope he will," sed his darter, not a takin' notis that her words wuz sot together so as that they might mean ary one o' two things. Jest then her mother come into the kitchen, an' sez she:

"I'll take a little walk to the spring, Hellen, and fetch some fresh water for supper;" an' as she tuck a pail an' started out the minister walked back into the settin'-room.

"Oh! no, let me go," sez Hellen, with a little flash in her eye as she seed her fother go out'n t'other door.

"No," sez her mother, "I'd rather go myself." An' she started off a thinkin' her darter must be tired from techin' all day.

The spring wuz down a putty smart of a bank,

an' as she got about half way up with the water she slipped an' down she went, a sloshin' herself putty smart in the fall.

"Oh! are you hurt?" sez John Burns, as he wuz passin' on his way to the barn. "Let me help you." An' he wuz down beside her at a bounce, helped her up the bank, an' then went back fur to fill her pail.

"Let me carry it for you. It is too heavy for you," sez he; an' without more ado he walked along aside o' her.

Poor little woman! she wuzn't used to sich attentshun an' sich putty spoken ways, an' suthin' come out'n each eye an' jined in with the water that hed sloshed on her. Suthin' about the young man kerried its own argyment to her woman's natur' that he wuz kind an' honest; an' from that minnit forrid she wuz, in her heart, his firm sot friend, though she dursn't ha' spoke it out ef the minister thort contraries to her 'pinion.

Cats an' dogs an' wimmin, I b'lieve, gits the credit o' seein' by instinct. An' yet, Miss Jones, it 'pears queer that ther's so few men that 'll consider ther 'pinions—the wimmin's, I mean. That s'aint Urier's way. Urier allers 'pears to sot a heap o' store by my 'pinion, though bein' a oncomon fur-seein' man, as I've sed afore, I make no dout he sees a heap furdur into things nor me, an', o' course, his 'pinions is, of needcessity, wuth a heap more nor mine when it comes to ennything as requires the workin' of a deep intelleck. Urier's bin a heap o' help to me.

Well, the young man stayed on with the minister, an' he did 'pear to conduct hisself an' do his work in sech a way that even the minister hisself couldn't find enuff fault fur grounds to discharge him. About the house he wuz allers respectful, offerin' a helpin' han' now an' agin when he'd see ary thing to lift or water to be fetch'd an' the like, payin' pertickler notis to sech things ef he seed Miss Mitchell, the minister's wife, doin' ennything as 'peared too hard fur her. He 'peared never to furgit to be a gentleman nor to do a kind turn. In bad weather he wuz sometimes sent to fetch the darter to and from school, an' in this an' other ways they couldn't help gittin' some acquainted with other.

But lawz! Miss Jones, it's my 'pinion them two natur's couldn't help runnin' together no more nor two draps o' water. It 'pears to me that it's accordin' to the 'ternal fitness o' things with peeples, as well as in natur', that the Lord jines together, an' what He jines in this way it's powerful hard fur man to sot asunder. Now them two 'peared, from the fust meetin' wher the little school path come into the road, to hev a sort o' internal sight into other, an' a understandin' each of t'other's natur', though it wuzn't in no ways spoke out, an' mightn't ha' bin, under existin' circumstances, ef it hedn't ha' bin fur what happened one evenin' in the follerin' fall.

John Burns 'peared powerful fond o' readin', an' in the summer evenin's he wuz apt to take a book, when his work wuz did, an' walk off by hisself a spell. As the cool weather come on, instid o' walkin' off he'd set in the kitchen by the table an' read. One evenin' he wuz a settin' ther an' Hellen happened fur to come out fur suthin', an' he looked up an' sez he:

"Excuse me, but I would like to know your view in regard to a sentiment I have found here," sez he.

Well, she went over by the table which he had drawn over near the stove, as it wuz coolish like an' the fire hed got low, an' she stood atween the table an' stove, John Burns a settin' at the side to her right han'. She'd stood ther, an' they'd bin a talkin' quite a spell about suthin' he'd found in the book he wuz a readin', an' which i aint high-larnt enough fur to tell; but they wuz enjoyin' themselves fine, ther faces lightin' up with the subjeck they wuz discussin'.

What we call axidents is sometimes powerful lifts fur to agg things on; an' it 'peared so in this case, fur a spark flew out from a little stick John Burns hed poked under the stove door to make a blaze, an' that spark lit on the folds o' the skairt o' Hellen's dress, an' it wer'n't no time till a blaze broke out, which, bein' to her back an' she bein' so interested, she didn't notis; no more did he tell it hed crep' up an' flanted out 'most to her waist.

"O my darling!" sez he, every drap o' blood seemin' to leave his face; but his presents o' mind didn't take leave o' him, fur he draw'd his coat in a jiffy, an', throwin' the woolin' garment over the blaze, hed it smothered out afore she felt it, which, as good luck would hev it, wuz helped by a woolin' skairt underbeneath her dress. When he'd got the fire put out, strong man as he wuz, he stood a lookin' at her all of a tremble, she a lookin' at him, her face pale, an' a kind o' dazed look in her wide-open eyes. After a spell sez he:

"You have made a narrow escape. You might have been burned. But pardon me. I had no right to take advantage of circumstances, had no right, from my present position, to speak the feelings of my heart," sez he, in his quiet-spoken way an' with his usual bearin' o' oncomman dignitude. She looked at him a spell, onct or twict movin' her lips as ef to speak, an' then sez she:

"Why not? Is it the man or the position that has the right to speak?" sez she.

"You don't mean to say that I—"

"I mean to say that you and every man has a right to be honest—honest with himself, honest with others," sez she, in her straightforrid way.

"Then if, in the exercise of that right to be honest, I should tell you that the cry of my lips, in terror at sight of the flames, was but the utterance of the cry that has been in my heart all these months that I have known you, what would you say?" sez he, as he folded his arms acrost his chest an' stood afore her with a look that sed he wuz honest.

"I should say," sez she, "that my soul heard the cry long before it was spoken," sez she.

"My own darling! then, by the right you give me," sez he, with the beautifullest, most tenderest look onto his face as he opened his arms.

Well, Miss Jones, it's rather out o' my line to describe sech sees, though ef ther is ar'y thing as I do believe in, it's in the fineness o' sech feelin's in the heart; an' it's my 'pinion it's beautiful to be able to speak 'em out on proper 'casions, though ther is them as calls sich things "soft," furgittin' that the Lord o' Heaven Hisself speaks out plain His love to His creeters. It's my 'pinion that the more we git to be like Him the more simpler we'll be, an' the more honeste we'll tell our true feelin's on proper 'casions fur to speak 'em out.

But as I wuz a sayin', it's a little out o' my line fur to discribe sich sees, mebbe 'count o' my not

bein' of overly fine feelin's myself. I make no dout Urier would do better at sich a bizness, fur along of bein' a man of a powerfull intelleck, he's allers hed a oncomman sight o' fine feelin'. Ther isn't much more o' this sort jest here to tell, howasever, fur jest as John Burns tuck Hellen Mitchell clost to his heart in that fust supremest joy that comes o' knowin' the heart hes hed its true answer, the door opened an' in stepped the minister.

I hev to think o' how a wild beast o' prey must look a pouncin' onto its innercent victim afore I kin git a idee draw'd in my mind o' the towerin' rage that tuck hold o' that man as perfessed fur to preach the Gospel o' peace to dyin' sinners, when he stood still an' looked at them two innercent bein's who hed, unexpected to themselves at the time, simply acted accordin' to the natur' guv 'em by ther Creator.

"Scoundrel!" sez he, "unhand my daughter."

But John Burns, hev'n nothin' fur to conceal, jest tuck his arms from aroun' Hellen, an' then takin' hold o' her right han' draw'd it through his arm.

"I owe you an explanation, sir, and am ready and willing to make it. I had—"

"I want none of your explanation. What I have seen explains itself. To see my daughter in the arms of my hired man, who has not even respect for her sufficient to wear his coat, is a thing that could hardly be explained. I discharge you at once," sez he, his voice a shakin' with rage.

"Father," sez Hellen, "I have heard you say more than once you thought him honest; couldn't you wait now and see if he couldn't explain to your satisfaction?" sez she, in her quiet, straightforrid, but firm sort o' way. "Didn't I hear you preach not long since that the soul, and not the external, was the true man? And if this man is honest of soul might he not ex—"

"How dare you talk to me!" he 'most skreeched.

"I think you have heard me preach, too, about obedience to parents. I wonder if you remember that so well. I'll see. I command you to let go that arm and go to your room," sez he, in a way as ye'd never ha' thort would ha' come from a minister.

"Yes, I remember," sez she. "Your text was Ephesians 6th and 1st—'Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.' But, father, to do what you say would not be obedience in the Lord, for you do not command in His spirit. There is another command which may come to you—'What God hath joined together let not man put asunder;' and from the beginning of our acquaintance I feel that God began to knit my soul to that of the man by whom I stand and whose true manhood I respect. Please hear him, father," sez she.

But it's powerful hard fur me to tell it up as proper spoke an' in as putty a way as she sed it, a standin' ther pleadin' with her fother, yit firm sot to do as she thort wuz right.

Ther wuz a heap more passed atween 'em, him a ragin' with anger an' not a waitin' to hear nuthin', which is allers powerful onreasonable. The upshot o' the hull bizness wuz that when she wouldn't consent fur to turn away from John Burns less'n her father showed suthin' wrong with the man hisself, he wuz so angert an' so fur forgot hisself as to order the two of them to leave the house to onct, sayin' he'd harbor no sich carryin's

on, an' he stalked out into the yard. At that the two turned an' looked at other, the techin', onashed tears a getherin' in her eyes.

"Can you trust me?" sez he.

"I can," sez she.

"Altogether?" sez he.

"Altogether," sez she.

"Then may God deal with me as I shall with thee from henceforth," sez he, in that solemn way that comes o' true airnestness o' soul. "Change your dress, get your wraps, an' come back to me," sez he.

It tuck but a little spell, an' she found time to write on a bit o' paper:

"DEAR FATHER:—Since you leave me no alternative, I go. Your child, Hellen."

This she left onto the table in her fother's steady, an' then she went to her mother, an' sez she:

"Mother, do you trust John Burns?"

"Why, yes!" sez her mother.

"Would you be afraid to trust me with him for a while?"

"Why, no! But what do you mean? Does your father"—an' she broke off with a skear'd look.

"Never mind," sez Hellen; "but tell me, mother, do you trust me?"

"Perfectly, child. But what—"

"Never mind, mother dear; trust me still. You'll hear why soon. Good night!" an' she stooped an' kissed her.

Ye must reely excuse me, Miss Jones. I don't most times hev much feelin's, or give up to the little I hev; but it allus teches me to think o' what it must ha' cost them two to start out for themselves like that. But how do ye s'pose it turned out? Why, jest as nobody wouldn't ever ha' suspected. On course, the fust thing fur them to do when they wuz turned out like that wuz to go straight an' git married. It wuz the only honorable thing they could do, an' the nixt day they started fur his fother's, him a tellin' Hellen that his fother an' mother lived up in Mishigan, an' as they hed no darter an' he hedn't ary a brother, he made no dout they'd be glad to see two childern comin' home instid o' one.

Well, it made a powerful stir in the neighborhood, an' the nixt Sunday the minister he up an' preached a sermon about the disobedience o' childern, a readin' from the Old Scriptures what's sed ther about stonin' to death sich as disobeyed ther parents, which, I make no dout, ef we could see to the bottom o' the spiritual meanin' of it, didn't hev no reference at all, mebbe, to nateral childern. His wife sot ther in the minister's pew lookin' wuss skear'd nor common, her vale draw'd over her face, an' a tear now an' agin' a rollin' down her cheeks.

But, lawz! I mustn't furtgit to tell ye about Hellen, fur it does appear to be that truth is a heap more stranger nor fishun. She wuz powerfull surprised when they got as fur as Detroit an' her man sed they'd stop a few days an' git some things she needed; an' she wuz tuck back when he bought her some fine close, sayin' she might need 'em, an' so they'd hev 'em made afore he tuck her home. She 'peared powerfull feared o' hev'in him git too much, an' when he fetched her a spry gold watch, she drawed back an' sez she:

"My dear, I'm not a doll to be pampered. Please don't buy things for me that will not comport with the circumstances in which we must live. I want to share your lot as you are now, content to wait till you can afford such things," sez she in her putty-spoken way, an' yit with the thankfulness o' love in her eye.

"Trust me an' wear it, please," sez he, as he drawed her clost to him.

Well, they wuz soon to his home, an lo an' behold! ther she found that he wuz the only child of wealthy parents, hev'in a right smart o' property in his own right besides; that he'd ruther overstudied himself, an' the doctors hed told him he could overcome the effects of it by a heap o' exercise in the open air. Bein' a little fond of adventer, he'd gone to another State, an' bein' also a little disgusted with some things he'd seed in his sphere o' life, practised by sich as vallers folks accordin' to what they air wuth in dollars an' cents, he concluded not to tell all about hisself durin' the summer season that he 'xpected to stay, so he only guv his fust names, his hull name bein' John Burns Hamilton, a requestin' his parents fur to direct ther letters to John Burns.

From the fust beginnin' he wuz smote with Hellen, an' it got wuss the longer he staid. He 'lowed, within hisself, that jest as soon as he wuz sure that she keared fur him fur hisself, he'd tell her the hull bizness an' ask her to marry him. But circumstances 'peared to move faster nor he did, an', quite unexpected, matters wuz all did up in one evenin'. An' now he hed fetched her to his home. His parents tuck her right to ther hearts, an' when they found out she wuz a minister's darter, the fother sed, sez he:

"Why, there's a vacant church just a few miles from here, an' I'll speak to them about writin' for him to come and fill the vacancy. The parents of only children shouldn't be too far apart. I feel guilty that we have stolen his daughter," sez he.

"I wish you would," sez John Burns, "and have them ask him to be sure to bring his wife along. Don't have them mention us, as we have a little surprise for our mother," sez he. Ye see he hedn't told his folks nothin' about ther hev'in sich a time, an' it's my 'pinion it showed the true man he wuz.

Well, the upshot wuz that the church sent fur Preacher Mitchell, an' he told his people that, in the providens o' God, an opening hed bin sot afore him, which wuz a special providens, seemin'ly, to remove him from all conneshun with things as they must know could only be deeply painful to a sensitive natur'. It's my 'pinion that the people felt powerfull relieved by the providens.

When him an' his wife went they wuz met at the train by a carriage as wuz sent to fetch 'em to onct "to Mr. Hamilton's," the driver told 'em. Old Mr. an' Miss Hamilton 'lowed the childern to meet 'em at fust, sayin' in a putty way that they made no dout they would want a few minits to themselves at the fust. It's my 'pinion it wuz well they did, fur when Hellen kissed her mother an' then stepped back an' sed:

"Father, mother, this is my husband, John Burns Hamilton," an' when he sed, puttin' one arm round her an' holdin' out his han' to them:

"Father, mother, this is my wife, Mrs. Hamilton, and we are happy children to greet you here." I think that man must, fur the fust time in his life,

ha' geth
he h
large
as he
wuz
to d
like
in dw
jest r
We
them
ward
same
an' sc
He 'p
wuz
clam
praise
law."
As
Script
young
'most
'peare
As
'peare
He th
she 'p
hev n
allers
wuss,
ter.

THI
do
P
Kansa
of Ma
form"
the par
It will
by ever
welfare
"Th
and sal
taind
ermmer
is ever
intemp
iam; n
vate ch
and pu
tutions
comme
desecra
tics, leg
shorten
ing pro
neglect
of the
standa
children
VOL.

ha' got a glimps o' the hardness as hed bin a getherin' over his sperit, an' he must ha' felt how he hed dwarfed his natur' as he stood afore one too large o' heart an' too tender o' the feelin's o' her as he called wife fur to show resentment to him as wuz her natteral fother. Howasever, it's best not to dwell on the feelin's he must ha' hed, fur we're likely to git a sort o' revengeful sperit ourselves in dwellin' on sich an' feelin' that he wuz sarved jest right.

Well, he wuz called to that meetin', an' some o' them from in yonder at Rush as heered him afterward sed ye'd hardly ha' knowed him fur the same preacher, he'd growed so much softer like an' sourceily ever sed ennything about perdishun. He 'peared powerfull fond o' his gran'childern an' wuz never better satisfied nor when they wuz clamberin' roun' him, an' he allers spoke with praise an' appearin'ly with pride of "my son-in-law."

As fur his wife, her sun-dial, like Hezekier's in Scripiter, 'peared to ha' went back, an' she looked younger, hed better health, an' the skear'd look 'most went out'n her face. Her two childern 'peared her most supremest airthly happiness.

As fur John Burns Hamilton an' his wife, they 'peared wonderfull jined together in everything. He thort there weren't never no sich a woman, an' she 'peared to hev a way o' actin' so as he didn't hev no 'casion fur to change his 'pinion. She allers larfed an' sed she tuck him fur better or fur wuss, but in everything she allers found him better. Yes, they 'peared wonderfull jined to other.

But lawz! Miss Jones, I hedn't no idee o' spinnin' out sich a yarn, an' I aint, mostly, no good han' fur to tell a story, nuther. I got drawn into this afore I knowed it by speakin' o' the possibility o' parents bein' onreasonable, as well as childern bein' diarespeckfull an' disobedient. It's my 'pinion us as is parents should ort to allers be willin' fur to hear childern's reasons an' feelin's. It would save a heap o' trouble an' unhappiness, I'm a thinkin', fur it don't nigh every time cend up so nice as in the case o' the Mitchells an' Hamiltons. Yes, parents kin be amazin' onreasonable.

Now, how do ye like this stuff I got fur Marthy Ann's tother dress? I 'lowed it would look powerfull well, made up, as well as do a heap o' good service. I'm a great favoright o' hev'n' things substanshul. She's wonderfull pleased with the white, an' I tell her she must hev natteral flowers to wear with it. There's no handiwork like that o' natur', after all. We'll be putty bizzzy now fur a spell a gettin' her weddin' gear ready, and we'll invite in the neighbors some day an' hev a frolio over her quilts an' comfortables, I'm a thiakin'.

An' ye must go now, must ye? Well, I've enjoyed yer company amazin' well. Come again when ye kin. No, Miss Jones, I jest want to say as yer goin' away, my feelin' is that I don't want to hev the reekollecshun o' enny hardness toward my childern, or ary other person fur the matter o' that, to rest on my conscience 'count o' the onreasonableness o'

BETSY BODKIN.

The Temperance Cause.

THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

THE Prohibition Party has nominated a Presidential ticket, their candidates being, for President, ex-Governor John P. St. John, of Kansas; for Vice-President, Hon. William Daniel, of Maryland. We give a portion of the "platform" of principles and considerations on which the party rests its claims and appeals for support. It will be found well worthy of a careful perusal by every one who has at heart the happiness and welfare of the people:

"That the importation, manufacture, supply, and sale of alcoholic beverages, created and maintained by the laws of the National and State governments, during the entire history of such laws is everywhere shown to be the promoting cause of intemperance, with resulting crime and pauperism; making large demands upon public and private charity, imposing large and unjust taxation and public burdens for penal and sheltering institutions upon thrift, industry, manufactures, and commerce; endangering the public peace; causing desecration of the Sabbath; corrupting our politics, legislation, and administration of the laws; shortening lives, impairing health, and diminishing productive industry; causing education to be neglected and despised; nullifying the teachings of the Bible, the Church, and the school, the standards and guides of our fathers and their children the founding and growth under God

of our widely extended country, and which, imperiling the perpetuity of our civil and religious liberties, are baleful fruits by which we know that these laws are alike contrary to God's laws and contravene our happiness; and we call upon our fellow-citizens to aid us in the repeal of these laws and in the legal suppression of this baneful liquor traffic.

"The fact that during the twenty-four years in which the Republican party has controlled the General Government in many of these States no efforts have been made to change this policy, that Territories have been created from the national domain and government for them established, and States from them admitted into the Union, in no instance in either of which has this traffic been forbidden or the people of these Territories or States been permitted to prohibit it; that there are now over two hundred thousand distilleries and breweries, wholesale and retail, dealers in these drinks, holding certificates claiming the authority of the Government for the continuation of a business so destructive to the moral and material welfare of the people, together with the fact that they have turned a deaf ear to remonstrance and petition for the correction of this abuse of civil government, is conclusive that the Republican party is insensible to or impotent for the redress of those wrongs, and should no longer be intrusted with the powers and responsibilities of government. That although this party, in its late National Convention, was

silent on the liquor question, not so were its candidates, Messrs. Blaine and Logan. Within the year past Mr. Blaine has publicly recommended that the revenue derived from the liquor traffic shall be distributed among the States, and Senator Logan has by bill proposed to devote these revenues to the support of schools. Thus both virtually recommend the perpetuation of the traffic, and that the State and its citizens shall become partners in the liquor crime.

"The fact that the Democratic party has, in its national deliverance of party policy, arrayed itself on the side of the drink makers and sellers by declaring against the policy of prohibition of such traffic under the false name of sumptuary laws, and when in power in some of the States in refusing remedial legislation and in Congress of refusing to permit the creation of a Board of Inquiry to investigate and report upon the effects of this traffic, proves that the Democratic party should not be intrusted with power and place, and that there can be no greater peril to the nation than the existing competition of the Republican and Democratic parties for the liquor vote. Experience shows that any party not openly opposed to

the traffic will engage in this competition, will court the favor of the criminal classes, will barter away public morals, purity of the ballot, and every trust and object of good government for party success, and patriots and good citizens should find in this practice sufficient cause for immediate withdrawal from all connection with their party.

* * * * *

"That while there are important reforms demanded for purity of administration and the welfare of the people, their importance sinks into insignificance when compared with the reform of the drink traffic, which now annually wastes eight hundred million dollars of the wealth created by toil and thrift, and drags down thousands of families from comfort to poverty; which fills jails, penitentiaries, insane asylums, hospitals, and institutions for dependency; which destroys the health, paralyzes industry, and causes loss of life and property to thousands in the land, lowers intellectual and physical vigor, dulls the cunning hand of the artisan, is the chief cause of bankruptcy, insolvency, and loss in trade, and by its corrupting power endangers perpetuity of free institutions."

Housekeepers' Department.

THE PEANUT AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

WE take from the *Philadelphia Evening Call* a communication by May Forney on the peanut as an article of food and the various ways in which it may be prepared for the table. Some of our housekeeping readers will no doubt give one or more of the following recipes a trial:

The majority of people know very little about the peanut any more than that it is a palatable, though rather indigestible, article of food, and that a savory odor greets one pleasantly while passing by the corner peanut-roaster.

But the peanut has a mission far more important than to be eaten simply in its roasted state, and it performs it so well that it is raised extensively in all of the warm regions of the globe, and its cultivation grows constantly in proportion as the nut is found to be more and more useful. The peanut is presumably of American origin, and although the nuts raised on our soil are larger in size and finer in flavor than those grown in other countries, it is everywhere else more appreciated, its nutritious qualities more recognized and put to practical uses. In New Spain and some parts of Africa the peanut forms a staple article of food. It enters largely into the composition of some of the choicest European chocolates, and an oil is expressed from it said to be quite the equal of olive or almond oil for either lamp or table use.

Before war times, old "mammies," who were the presiding geniuses of plantation kitchens, made any number of niceties out of peanuts, only one of which ever to any extent became known to us. There was a time—not so very long ago, either—when every Philadelphia child was familiar with the peanut or groundnut cakes, as they were called. They were sold on the corners of streets by old colored women wearing gorgeous-hued

Madras turbans and spotless aprons. They sat on low stools and had their tempting wares neatly arranged on linen-covered trays. Likely the turbaned heads are laid low by this time, for we rarely see them and never see the groundnut cakes. They were very good, too, and fortunately the recipe for making them has been preserved. It was a savant who said that old recollections were revived more vividly through the taste than any other of the senses. For the benefit, then, of those who may care to recall the days when they bought groundnut cakes from their picturesque vendors, I append the original recipe for

Philadelphia Groundnut Cakes.—Boil two pounds of light-brown sugar in a preserving-kettle, with just enough water to thoroughly wet it, and when this sirup begins to boil throw in the white of an egg to clear it. Let it boil until a few drops of the sirup put into cold water become brittle; it is then sufficiently done, and must be taken from the fire and strained. Have ready a quarter of a peck of groundnuts, roasted in the shell and then shelled and hulled. Mix the nuts thoroughly through the sirup while it is yet hot. Dampen with a brush a pasteboard or marble slab, free from all grease, and drop the hot mixture upon it in little lumps, which must be flattened with a spoon into thin cakes the size of a tumbler-top. When cold take them off of the board with a knife.

The following recipes are no less good and somewhat more practical, and show that the peanut can be made into dishes that can be served with every course, from soup to dessert:

Peanut Soup.—Shell and hull carefully three pounds of roasted nuts; pound them to a smooth paste in a mortar. Put the paste into a saucepan, set it over a fire, and stir into it slowly two quarts of boiling water; season well with salt and cayenne

pepper, and let it simmer gently until it thickens, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Serve very hot.

Peanut Soup with Oysters.—Prepare three pounds of nuts as in the preceding recipe; mix with the paste two tablespoonfuls of flour, smoothly blended with half a pint of cold water. Place the mixture in a saucepan over the fire, stir into it gradually a pint and a half of boiling water, or half milk and half water; add a small red pepper and a good pinch of salt, and boil for fifteen minutes; then put in one pint of fine oysters. Let the soup boil up once, taking care it does not burn, which it will do readily, and serve immediately.

Chicken Stuffed with Peanuts.—Shell and hull two quarts of roasted nuts, pound them in a mortar, and take two-thirds for the stuffing, reserving the remainder for the sauce or gravy. Mix with the stuffing-paste one cup of fine cracker crumbs; season with a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper and a little chopped parsley; add one-third of a cup of melted butter. To make the peanut-sauce, remove the fat from the dripping-pan after the chicken has been taken out, adding water sufficient to make nearly a pint. Thicken with flour, add salt, pepper, and the remainder of the plainest paste. Boil up once and serve.

Peanut Croquettes.—To make these, remove the shells and hulls from three pounds of roasted nuts; simmer them gently in good broth or gravy until they are soft enough to rub through a sieve with a potato masher. To each pint of this mixture add one ounce of butter and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper, and stir these ingredients over the fire until they are scalding hot, then place the saucepan where the contents will keep hot without boiling; stir into them the yolks of six raw eggs, stirring the mixture constantly until the yolks thicken, taking care it does not boil, in which case the eggs will curdle. Cool the purée. Now wet the hands slightly with cold water and mold tablespoonfuls of the cold mixture into little pyramids. Roll them in cracker or bread-crumbs, dip them in beaten egg and then a second time in the crumbs, and drop them in boiling lard sufficient to cover them. When brown, take them out of the fat with a skimmer, lay them for a moment on coarse brown paper which will absorb the grease, sprinkle a little salt over them, and serve at once in a folded napkin.

Peanut Salad.—Have ready about three pints of freshly roasted nuts, carefully hulled, and place them in a dish of crisp, tender lettuce-leaves. Dress the salad with a plain French salad-dressing made of one part vinegar, three parts oil, and highly seasoned with pepper and salt. The salad should be eaten as soon as prepared, as it readily loses its flavor and crispness.

Peanut Patties.—To one quart of roasted nuts pounded fine in a mortar, add ten well-beaten eggs, one pound of sugar, and a half a pound of butter. Line two dozen patty-pans with flaky puff-paste, and fill with the nut mixture. Bake in a moderate oven until the pastry is done. Dust the patties with powdered sugar; they are equally good eaten either hot or cold.

Peanut Soufflé.—Make a purée of roasted nuts by simmering them in a gravy and mashing them through a sieve; add to about three ounces six

ounces powdered sugar, two ounces of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, and stir in gradually a pint and a half of milk. Set the saucepan over the fire and stir its contents until they have boiled two minutes; then set it to one side of the stove, where they will not boil, and stir for one minute. Separate the yolks of seven eggs from the whites and stir the yolks, one at a time, into the soufflé mixture, watching that it does not boil. Add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, stirring them in very lightly. Put the mixture very quickly into a two-quart tin mold lined with buttered paper that rises several inches above the top. Bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven, and serve the instant it is done.

Peanut Cakes.—Pound one pint of roasted peanuts to a smooth paste; mix in one pint of light-brown sugar and the whites of five eggs, beaten stiffly. Put the mixture into small buttered pans, and bake in a fair oven to a light brown.

RECIPES.

STEWED SWEETBREADS.—When the sweetbreads are washed and the skin and fatty matter have been removed, cover with cold water and heat to a boil; pour off the hot water and cover with cold until the sweetbreads are firm; if they are required to be rich, lard as for frying before putting them in a second water; but they are more delicate if not larded. Stew in a very little water; when they are tender add for each sweetbread a heaping teaspoonful of butter and a little chopped parsley, with pepper and salt and a little cream; let them simmer in the gravy for five minutes; then take them up, send to table in a covered dish, with the gravy poured on them.

CHICKEN WITH MACARONI OR WITH RICE.—Cut the chicken into pieces; fry them in butter the size of an egg; when nearly done, put the pieces into another saucepan. Add a heaping teaspoonful of flour to the hot butter and brown it; mix a little cold water with this and make it smooth; then add a pint or more of boiling water, and pour this over the chicken in the saucepan. Add a chopped sprig of parsley, a clove of garlic, pepper, and salt; let the chicken boil half or three-quarters of an hour; then take out, pass the sauce through a sieve, and remove all the fat. Have ready some macaroni which has been boiled in salted water, and let it boil in this sauce. Arrange the pieces of chicken tastefully in a dish, pour the macaroni and sauce over them, and serve. If rice is used, manage in the same way.

APPLE MERINGUE.—Stew good tart apples, pass them through a sieve; add, according to the number of the apples—if twelve, one-quarter of a pound of thinly cut citron, half a pound of currants, half a pound of stoned raisins, a little cinnamon and grated nutmeg. Sweeten to taste, mix well, and put in a buttered baking-dish; cover, and let it stew slowly for twenty minutes; then beat up the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth with four large tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and flavor with lemon; lay this with a spoon on the top in heaps, return the dish to the oven, and brown. Eat cold, with cream or milk.

Evenings with the Poets.

UP AND BE DOING.

STRIKE! as said the anvil to the hammer;
Strike! and never let your iron cool;
Up head, my boy! speak bravely, never stammer,
For fear the world will set you down a fool;
We have no time allowed for shilly-shally—
But seventy years allotted to the best;
Down with the rock, plow up the fruitful valley,
Work out your purpose—leave to God the rest.

You have a purpose—should have—then begin it;
An honest, manly purpose is a power
Which, if you straightway seize upon the minute,
Will make its progress surer every hour;
Build up your fortunes by it, lay them deeply—
Make your foundations sure; then, day by day,
Bear the great walls, a fortress—never cheaply—
Good purposes demand a great outlay.

Strength, faith, devotion, thought, and resolution—
These make your capital—these freely spend;
Once sure of your design, the execution
Needs all that you can give it to the end.
O woman! what a world is in the keeping
Of her who nobly aims and bravely toils!
Wake to great deeds—we all have time for sleeping
When "we have shuffled off our mortal coils."

THE OLD PIANO.

HOW still and dusky in the long-closed room!
What lingering shadows and what faint perfume!

Of Eastern treasures—sandal wood and scent
With nard and cassia and roses blent.

Let in the sunshine—
Quaint cabinets are here, boxes and fans,
And hoarded letters, full of hopes and plans.
I pass them by. I came once more to see
The old piano, dear to memory,
In past days mine.

Of all sad voices from forgotten years,
Its is the saddest; see what tender tears
Drop on the yellow keys, as, soft and slow,
I play some melody of long ago.

How strange it seems!
The thin, weak notes that once were rich and strong,
Give only now the shadow of a song,
The dying echo of the fuller strain
That I shall never, never hear again,
Unless in dreams.

What hands have touched it! Fingers small and white,

Since stiff and weary with life's toil and fight;
Dear clinging hands that long have been at rest,
Folded serenely on a quiet breast.

Only to think,
O white, sad notes! of all the pleasant days,
The happy songs, the hymns of holy praise,
The dreams of love and youth that round you cling!
Do they not make each sighing, trembling string
A mighty link?

All its musicians gone beyond recall,
The beautiful, the loved, where are they all?
Each told its secrets, touched its keys and wires
To thoughts of many colors and desires,

With whispering fingers;
All are silent now, the farewell said,
The last song sung, the last tear sadly shed:
Yet love has given it many dreams to keep
In this lone room where only shadows creep
And silence lingers.

The old piano answers to my call,
And from my fingers lets the lost notes fall.
O soul that I have loved! with heavenly birth
Wilt thou not keep the memory of earth,
Its smiles and sighs?
Shall wood and metal and white ivory
Answer the touch of love with melody,
And thou forget? Dear one, not so.
I move thee yet (though how I may not know)
Beyond the skies.

Harper's Bazar.

BEFORE SUNRISE.

THIS grassy gorge, as daylight failed last night,
I traversed toward the west, where, thin and young,
Bent like Diana's bow and silver bright,
Half lost in rosy haze, a crescent hung.

I paused upon the beach's upper edge;
The violet east all shadowy lay behind;
Southward the lighthouse glittered o'er the ledge,
And lightly, softly, blew the western wind.

And at my feet, between the turf and stone,
Wild roses, bayberry, purple thistles tall,
And pink herb-robert grew, where shells were strewn,
And morning-glory vines climbed over all.

I stooped, the closely folded buds to note,
That gleamed in the dim light mysteriously,
While, full of whispers of the far-off rote,
Summer's enchanted dusk crept o'er the sea.

And sights and sounds and sea-scents delicate
So wrought upon my soul with sense of bliss,
Happy I sat as if at heaven's gate,
Asking on earth no greater joy than this.

And now, at dawn, upon the beach again
Kneeling, I wait the coming of the sun,
Watching the looser-folded buds and fain
To see the marvel of their day begun.

All the world lies so dewy, fresh, and still!
Whispers so gently all the water wide—
Hardly it breaks the silence, from the hill
Some clear bird-voices mingling with the tide.

Sunset or dawn, which is the lovelier? Lo!
My darlings sung to all the balmy night
By summer waves, and softest winds that blow
Begin to feel the thrilling of the light.

Red lips of roses, waiting to be kissed
By early sunshine, soon in smiles will break;
But, O ye morning-glories! that keep tryst,
With the first ray of daybreak ye awake.

O bells of triumph, ringing noiseless peals
Of unimagined music to the day!
Almost I could believe each blossom feels
The same delight that sweeps my soul away.

Of bells of triumph! delicate trumpets thrown
Heavenward and earthward, turned east, west, north,
south,

In lavish beauty, who through you has blown
This sweet cheer of the morning with calm mouth?

'Tis God who breathes the triumph—He who wrought
The tender curves and laid the tints divine
Along the lovely lines—the Eternal Thought
That troubles all our lives with wise design.

Yea, out of pain and death His beauty springs,
And out of doubt a deathless confidence;

Though we are shod with leaden cares, our wings
Shall lift us yet out of our deep suspense.

Thou great Creator! pardon us who reach
For other heaven beyond this world of Thine—
This matchless world, where Thy least touch doth teach
Thy solemn lessons clearly, line on line.

And help us to be grateful, we who live
Such sordid, fretful lives of discontent,
Nor see the sunshine nor the flower, nor strive
To find the love Thy bitter chastening meant.
CELIA THAXTER.

Home Decoration and Fancy Needlework.

HOME DECORATION.

Pillow-shams and Bed-spreads.—A new and sensible idea is to make pillow-shams and bed-spreads of pink or blue percale or silesia, and trim them with inexpensive lace, as torehon, Languedoc, or imitation Valenciennes. Window-curtains for the bed-room may be made in the same way. Articles of this kind are very pretty, besides which they do not soil easily, and so save a great deal of unnecessary laundry work.

A table-cover for a seaside cottage was made of navy-blue, or, more correctly, marine-blue flannel. In the corners were appliqué figures, cut out of red, white, and yellow flannel, and worked with white, pink, and yellow silk, to imitate crabs and large conch shells. The border was formed by a row of small spiral shells, arranged to hang from the edge-like fringe.

A table-cover for the dining-room may be made of bright-colored scraps of cashmere, merino, or other woolen materials, pieced together and embroidered with crewels or silk, after the fashion of crazy work. Or a table-cover of cloth or flannel may have a border of crazy work formed from woolen fabrics.

Tinsel Embroidery.—The latest idea in art embroidery is to form flowers and birds of gold thread or tinsel, with stems and sprays of arrasene.

Hat crowns have taken the place of hat-bands. These are of satin, and cover the entire crown of the hat upon the inside. They are mounted upon buckram, and are embroidered with a single initial and a spray of flowers.

Towel-ends are embroidered in irregular sections, to imitate crazy work. The materials used are linen and Russian crash, and the divisions are worked in soft, tinted silks. Sometimes a conventional spray, or a Kate Greenaway figure of a style suitable for an independent ornament upon a towel, is worked in one or more of the separate sections.

Silk applique figures are now largely used in all kinds of fancy work. These are woven to imitate embroidery and then cut out and applied to a velvet, silk, or plush foundation. These are made exclusively by the Kursheedt Silk and Embroidery Company, which has succeeded in making them extremely fashionable, although many of them are not particularly beautiful.

FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

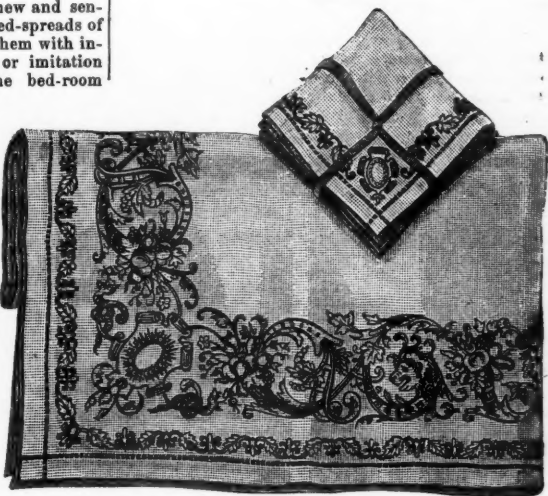


TABLE LINEN.

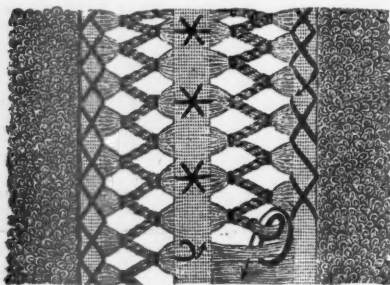
Table Linen.—It has now become so general to have table linen with a colored border, that, especially for company, one can scarcely imagine a handsomely arranged table without this agreeable ornament. Although the interwoven red and blue borders suffice for daily use, we see for grand occasions tablecloths and napkins adorned with the most artistic needlework, which, since all possible tones have been produced in fast colored cotton, often display a most variegated arrangement. In houses where the plain white linen from the grandmother's stores is still in use, modern taste is brought to bear in the long, narrow crumbcloths laid over the large tablecloth. But sometimes the careful housewife likes to have the ornamental border on the tea and coffee cloth and napkins produced by her own industry. As suggestion for such home work, we show a design for a set consisting of a tablecloth sixty-one inches square, and twelve small napkins to match. The embroidery is done with fast-colored blue cotton, in tambour stitch. The cloth has a hemstitched border about one and a half inches broad; this is followed by a narrow row of embroidery rather more than an inch deep, then comes a space, and after that another row of embroidery six inches broad. Both these border rows are executed in Renais-

rance style. The shields in the four corners of the cloth are intended to be alternately filled up with the date and the owner's initials. The napkins have the same narrow border, but only the shields in two opposite corners.



EMBROIDERED TOWEL. Fig. 1.

Embroidered Towel for Bathing.—The pattern towel of white crash, about a yard long and five-eighths yard wide, is ornamented four and three-quarters inches deep at each end above the four inches long



EMBROIDERED TOWEL. Fig. 2.

fringe. Illustration No. 2 shows in the proper size, and very clearly, a section of the open-work parts, with the way they are embroidered with colored cotton. The sprig shapes on the stuff stripes, also the initials, corner and sprig figure of No. 1 should be made over a canvas foundation which is afterward to be drawn out.



TURKISH HOUSE CAP.

Turkish (House) Cap for Elderly Gentlemen.—The leaf shapes are worked with blue filoselle-silk divided twice, shaded satin stitch, and gilt tinsel thread; while the lines and runners are executed in

shaded brown stalk stitch. The edge and lid of the crown are stitched on at the left side and then turned over, the former being four and three-quarters inches high; the width of this must, of course, be regulated by the size of the head.



APRON.

Apron Trimmed with Crochet and Cross-stitch Embroidery.—The foundation is of a piece of cream-colored linen, nineteen and three-quarters inches long and thirty-three and three-quarters inches wide, the upper edge of which is gathered eleven inches wide into a band seventeen and three-quarters long and one and three-eighths inches wide, closed with red sarsenet strings. A handsome trimming eleven and a half inches wide of crochet and cross-stitch embroidery is joined to the lower edge hemmed three-eighths inches deep. The picots going up the sides of the crochet edging are easily executed. On the other side of this narrow border the five first rows of the crochet are repeated, another four inches wide border, worked with white embroidery cotton on red Swiss print.

A PRETTY PARLOR.

THERE is not a great amount of floor-space in it, although enough to keep it from looking cramped, and the ceiling is scarcely more than ten feet from the floor; but it is a far more attractive room than many more pretentious ones. One reason of this is found in the fact that no one color predominates, but a daring, though harmonious, mingling of various hues; and nothing is in sets or pairs.

This parlor is in some respects a triumph. It was achieved by a detached woman of small means, and it is a prominent portion of the small apartment which she preferred to take in a good situation rather than a more extensive "suite of rooms" in an inferior street. She studied this parlor out thoroughly while she was boarding, went to various places and priced furniture—not disdaining second-hand shops of respectability—promptly responded to all the newspaper invitations to come and secure bargains, and bought various articles in advance of her need because they were really cheap.

All this naturally takes time, and with many people,

whose
cedi-
to be
she
been
moti
whic
Th
lor "
it ev
of ve
and
econ
Ha
edly
a bu
ing t
a bid
" "
spea
" "
buyi
than
In
"Go
her p
turne
certa
some
They
was
high
bette
ing a
dolla
It
room
chim
a thi
disco
able
at so
lor cl
dolla
and
Th
room
went
natel
while
pick
made
the r
shape
colore
settin

Wo
will
pendi
waist
these
finis
crossi
ends,
basqu
flat,
diago
hips,

whose time is valuable, "bargains" would prove exceedingly dear; but the owner of the parlor happens to be a writer, always on the watch for new ideas, and she says that these out-of-the-way expeditions have been a positive benefit in more ways than their original motive, and, besides, she needed the air and exercise which these shopping excursions procured her.

There was no method in this business, and the parlor "jest grewed," like Topsy. Traced to its source, it evidently had its rise in some pale-green curtains of very rich material, lined with peach-blossom silk, and these expensive curtains were thrust upon our economical friend in a very unexpected manner.

Happening in at a down-town auction on a wretchedly stormy day, she found the auctioneer holding up a bundle of soiled draperies, for which he was beseeching the handful of stolid-looking men in the room for a bid.

"Now, Madam, is your chance," said the fluent speaker. And "Madam" timidly ventured:

"Half a dollar!" with a vague feeling that she was buying a brass door-plate with some other name on it than her own.

In a startlingly short space of time the drapery was "Going, going, gone to Mrs. ——" and gathering up her property in some dismay, the bewildered purchaser turned her steps to a well-known dyeing and scouring establishment, where she was assured that the handsome curtains could be sufficiently renovated for use. They had been made for three windows, so that there was plenty of material; but their present aspect was highly discouraging. The man, however, was even better than his word, and returned the curtains looking almost like new at the moderate charge of three dollars.

It was a funny place to begin at in furnishing the room. But things happened so, and, attacking the chimney-piece next, an old-fashioned "fire-frame"—a thing like a deeply-recessed Franklin stove—was discovered in the rubbish-corner of a very unfashionable second-hand furniture emporium and purchased at so low a price, that, when fairly fitted into the parlor chimney and ready for use, it had cost but fifteen dollars, including the brass knobs on top, brass fender, and old-fashioned shovel, tongs, and poker.

The open fire was the most ornamental thing in the room, and one that this lone woman *would* have if she went without butter on her bread. The mantel, fortunately, was not marble, and it was speedily ebonized, while a cheap and handy carpenter, who had been picked up in the course of those frequent excursions, made a second-story arrangement for it which gave the room quite an air and held such bric-a-brac, in the shape of vases and bowls and plates, with a bright-colored fan or two, as our friend considered worth settling forth in this public manner. There was a

Venetian water-holder of intensely golden glass over porcelain which made a noticeable "bit of color" and queened it over all the other adornments.

The floor, to within a yard of the wall all around, is covered with a perfectly plain Brussels carpet of dark crimson, bordered with a wood-carpet of oak and walnut. The wall-paper is a pretty French gray with flashes of gold, and the gilt molding of the frieze has a narrow band of crimson on either side of it.

The sofa is a gem of home art, having begun its existence as a modern cot with a woven wire mattress, and been cut down and strengthened by the carpenter until it was pronounced to be of the right height and safe for use. Four turned supports were then fastened on and ebonized, a husk mattress with a cotton top laid on the woven-wire foundation, and the sofa was ready for covering. Unbleached sheeting was first used, and then the pretty curtain material with cross stripes of some soft Oriental bordering that has a charming effect. The sofa is low and wide and has three delightfully fat pillows against the wall. It is a happy combination of beauty and comfort.

Across one corner is a table with handsome claw feet which belonged to somebody's great-grandmother, but Mrs. ——— knows nothing of the great-grandmother nor of somebody, for she bought it at another auction, and it went cheap. During the winter she made it a cover of dark crimson cloth with a border in pale green and pomegranate pink. It is very much admired.

Every chair in the room is of a different shape and covered with a different material, except the large arm-chair, which matches the sofa; and two corner seats, made under direction by the carpenter, have broad bands of queen's blue in velveteen on a ground of golden brown. There are pretty hassocks in Moorish colors, and there is a large folding-screen—originally a clothes-horse—covered with crimson cloth and ebonized, as to the frame, that stands picturesquely before the door leading into the bed-room.

There are two oil-paintings in this parlor—and very good ones they are, too—one representing a snow scene and the other autumn coloring, and there are several small engravings, finely executed, and taken from old magazines. These are framed, with a wide gray margin, as simply as possible, and having a narrow border of crimson velvet on either side of the wood.

Ebonized book-shelves with embroidered curtains, partly drawn, occupy one side of the chimney recess, and a long bracket holding pretty trifles is between the windows. Above it rests a small diamond-shaped mirror with beveled glass. The curtains are on brass rods and looped back with brass chains. The whole effect of the room is exceptionally handsome, and the entire cost of the furnishing was from seventy-five to eighty dollars.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

Fashion Department.

FASHION NOTES.

Woolen dresses, for autumn and early winter wear, will be plain, resembling the severe tailor styles, depending for their effect upon the perfect fit of the waist and the elegant fall of the drapery. Some of these woolen dresses have merely a long, round waist, finished by a simple belt and buckle or a belt-ribbon, crossing in front in a point, with a clasp and falling ends, the basque being entirely discarded. Or, if a basque be worn, it is plain in front, with a square, flat, postillion back. The overskirt consists only of diagonal scarf draperies, gathered high upon the hips, with a back-breadth of straight plaits falling

over a tournure much smaller than those recently worn. The underskirt is bordered with a narrow plaiting or rows of heavy braiding or soutache embroidery, in which case the overskirt drapery is also bordered with braid, and rows of braid are used upon the waist to imitate vest and cuffs.

Lace dresses have become so well established that it is now possible for a lady to utilize every scrap of lace that she possesses, whether real or imitation. Some of the most tasteful toilettes of this order are made of imitation lace, or rather trimmed with it, as the lace is so puffed and gathered that it is impossible to detect either its design or its quality. The foundation skirt is of silk or satin, and this is liter-

ally covered with flounces made of lace edging. An old-fashioned lace scarf may form the overskirt drape. A lace shawl may become a shirred polonaise, upon a silk or satin lining. A lace sacque may be readily converted into a round, shirred waist. Ribbon or lace bows may be scattered over such a costume in profusion. With a lace-covered skirt may be worn a silk or satin redingote, made plain, except that it is opened at the neck, front, and sleeves, and filled in with a lace—guimpe, plastron or vest, and ruching—to match the lace flounces. The silk or satin used may be black, any bright color, or even two or more colors combined. The lace may be black or white, or black and white combined, and the ribbon, whether satin, ottoman, or velvet, may be of any shade desired, to match or contrast with the foundation. The effect of these dresses is infinitely charming, graceful, and even rich—but the fashion may be called an economical one, as it must suggest to many ladies how to freshen half-worn silk skirts and faded or soiled silk waists, and how to use accumulated laces whose shape is out of date or whose texture will not bear examining. With some ladies, the real expense of such costumes need only be linings, etc., and decorating ribbons.

Styles in Dressmaking.—Skirts remain short, but are now generally wider, having fuller back-breadths and front and side gores not sloping so much as formerly. Overskirts are somewhat plainer, the draperies being a little less bouffant over smaller tournures. Vests, plain or puffed, are worn with nearly all costumes. Polonaises have become more like princess dresses, the back breadth being continuous with the waist and needing only a skirt-front to complete the costume. Basques are plainer, but are now partially superseded by round waists. Sleeves are high on the shoulder, but not always puffed so much as they were last spring, and cords are again used around the arm-hole. In English costumes having round waists, the skirt is sewed directly to the belt, as in old times.

Plaited Skirts.—The accordion skirt is now fully established. In this the plaiting runs from the belt to the hem, the plaits standing outward like the folds of an accordion and held in place by tapes underneath. Sometimes the skirt is trimmed with rows of braid or embroidery, the rows running in and out, following the shape of the plaits. Another plaited skirt is one popular a few years ago, the fancy for which is revived. The back-breadths are covered with three deep flounces, composed of side plaiting, the lowest of which extends around the front. Upon the front breadth is then draped a pointed, wrinkled apron, which is caught up high at the sides and fastened over the top flounce of the back-breadth. The edges of the plaitings and of the apron, in a costume of this order, are sometimes trimmed with rows of braid or embroidery.

A Paris model, for an ordinary costume, is a plain, round waist, open at the neck and filled in with a guimpe of embroidery or lace, and two skirts, the overskirt being as long as the underskirt. The overskirt is draped simply by the wearer's dropping her left arm to its full length, catching the lower part of the overskirt in her fingers, and drawing it high in a bunch upon her left hip, where it is fastened by a clasp or a bow. That is all. The part of the underskirt thus exposed may be, if desired, further decorated by a panel of velvet or embroidery. The edge of the overskirt may be ornamented by any number of tucks, the straight part showing them to advantage. But this is not necessary. We all know that a Paris costume is either exceedingly elaborate or surprisingly simple.

Flat trimmings seem destined to retain favor. Rows of tucks, sometimes tucks forming the only decoration, are seen on skirts of all materials, from

calico to silk and in costumes for every day or for the ball-room. Tucks are especially liked in cloth costumes, but the new woolen dresses frequently show rows and rows of flat passanterie or braid trimming, taking the place of tucks. Bias folds of cloth, satin, or velvet are said to be coming into style, and this, also, is a very old fashion revived.

Embroidery of all kinds, in beads, in silk, in braids, in colors, sometimes in extravagant profusion, is seen upon many of the new Paris dresses, whether the foundation be satin, merveilleux, or plain cloth.

Glaze silk, or, more properly, the old changeable silk, is one of the favorite fabrics for autumn wear. It is usually made up with some other material, as plain or striped silk, after the favorite fashion of foulard silk costumes, with shirred waist, puffed drapery, many flounces, and a profusion of lace.

Neckwear.—Tailor-made or other cloth dresses are still made high in the neck, with plain choker, and severe linen collar worn inside. Other costumes have waists open at the neck, with a linen or cambrie guimpe, above which rises collar and plain cravat, sometimes of white or colored satin, quite masculine in appearance. More dressy costumes have guimpe and frill or ruching, of crape, lace, or embroidery. For full dress, short sleeves, but not low neck, may now be worn. When the neck is cut V-shaped, heart-shaped, or Pompadour, it is still invariably filled in with lace, tulle, or China crape. For ordinary wear a V-shaped neck may be worn by those to whom it is becoming. With this is seen a broad band of black velvet, with locket or pendent, a fashion which is frequently revived.

Belts of alligator skin, or Russian leather, with large silver buckles, are now worn wider than ever.

Beaded Jerseys, with dark cloth skirts, will be much in favor during the coming autumn and winter.

The waterfall polonaise is the now favorite model for a black gros grain silk dress. The front is like an ordinary basque, and it may or may not have a beaded vest or plastron or a short, puffed apron or panier afterward attached. The back is continuous, from neck to hem, the forms of the basque-back uniting at the waist and making two immense box-plaits, which, without looping or drapery, are extended to the edge of the skirt. These large plaits are held in place by tapes underneath. The puffed, embroidered, or plaited apron-front, of the same material as the polonaise, or a contrasting one, may be inserted as a separate skirt or attached permanently to the polonaise, thus making it a complete garment resembling the princess dress. A narrow knife-plaiting, at the edge of the skirt, may run entirely around under the polonaise. Sometimes the heavy plaits of the back of the polonaise are attached to the garment, so as to form a full, open heading at the waist, similar to the backs of plaited skirts seen last summer and spring.

Novel Overskirts.—An English overskirt is of accordion plaiting, drawn up at the hips so as to form a fan-shaped apron. Some French costumes display double apron fronts. The two aprons are either of the same material, but looped differently, one high and one low, or they are of different materials, and then the lower one follows the upper, like a contrasting lining.

Velvet revers are arranged somewhat singularly upon some of the new costumes. When an overskirt is looped high upon one side, a sloping piece of velvet may accompany it, lying partly beneath it, so as to form an apparent border. Then a similarly sloping piece of velvet, to represent a lapel, is arranged upon the opposite side of the corsage, the other opposing sides of corsage and skirt being left bare.

Silver braid, either in straight rows, wheels, or intricate patterns, is said to be the coming trimming for black cashmere dresses.

Notes and Comments.

Servants.

WHEN two lady-housekeepers meet it rarely happens that conversation does not drift in the direction of servants and the trouble they occasion in the household. A good servant, one who is faithful to duty and who identifies herself with the interests of the family, is the exception, and the indifferent, wasteful, and slovenly the rule. A much better state of things would doubtless prevail if more care were given to the orderly arrangement of servants' work and duties as well as to their personal needs and comfort. Too often they are treated as mere working-machines, and not as human beings with human needs, weaknesses, inherited peculiarities, and defective training. Nothing is done to lift them into self-respect or into a grateful sense of kindness and consideration. Until there is a great change in the way the average mistress treats the average servant, she will not get a better service than that of which she now so loudly complains.

The following, the source of which we do not know, is so excellent an example of the way in which to make good servants that we give it a place in our magazine. It will bear careful reading and cannot fail to lead some, who have not been as thoughtful as they might have been, to change their manner of treating domestic dependants:

"I never shall forget the servants' sleeping-rooms in a very simple household I once was in. Everything was fresh and clean and wholesome-looking. The two iron bedsteads comfortably made, the window-curtains spotless, the two bureaus neatly arranged, the floor nicely matted, and with a strip of carpet before each bed, and on the wall some pretty colored pictures. The mistress of this genial, simple house told me that she labored for a year before she could induce her two maids to see the beauty and comfort of such order, but that now they felt it keenly, and it had affected their work and spirits very visibly. Near their kitchen was a small room, which Mrs. — had fitted up snugly for a sitting-room and a place to take their meals in. There was a chest of drawers, in which were their napkins and tablecloths and their own bed-linen, and a nice glass-doored case showed their china. My friend told me that for some time her maids actually preferred to use the kitchen, but she finally won them over to a great pride in their neat little room, and she said the effect upon their characters and work was speedily visible. Occasionally she would bring in some flowers or pretty, inexpensive ornament for them; she took a good, illustrated weekly paper entirely for their use, requiring them to file it, and before long a genuine taste for refinement of surroundings and manner had developed. These two servants had come to her very unteach and untutored, but certainly when I saw them, after three years' residence with Mrs. —, they were by far the most refined, respectful, and well-mannered servants I have ever seen in America. Of course, some people would aver this sort of consideration would 'spoil' a servant, but it seems to me that the very first means of teaching the servant to-day what she ought to do is to make her feel that her mistress' house is her home, the place in which she is to live, not the place she is to work in as little as possible and escape from during every possible hour. A servant should be taught to respect the Lares and Penates about her as if they were her very own."

Our Famous Women.

THIS is the title of a volume lately published by A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.; or, more properly, the title is as follows: "*Our Famous Women: Comprising the Lives and Deeds of American Women who have distinguished themselves in Literature, Science, Art, Music, and the Drama, or are famous as Heroines, Patriots, Orators, Educators, Physicians, Philanthropists, etc. With numerous anecdotes, incidents, and personal experiences.*"

This well describes the scope and purposes of the book, which is handsomely gotten up, printed on thick cream paper, illustrated with a number of fine portraits, and neatly bound in cloth. It contains short biographies of thirty-one women, twenty-five of whom are still living. The writers of these sketches are, or were, in nearly every case personal friends of their subjects.

An accurate presentation of the contents of this volume would prove a difficult task. The accompanying quotation, from Louise Chandler Moulton's sketch of Louisa M. Alcott, might be applied just as readily, in one sense, to every biography in the volume: "In writing of an author still living and still busily at work, there is always a certain difficulty. We are too near at hand for perspective, and too much under the spell of a sympathetic personality to be able to anticipate the judgments of posterity." The book is, therefore, in a measure, incomplete; it also seems incomplete because some names are omitted that a volume claiming to be representative ought to include; yet it contains sufficient of interest and value to realize the publisher's expressed hope that "to every one of the thousands of homes which the book may enter, it will bring something of the courage, patience, steadfastness of purpose, cheerfulness, and lofty aspirations which fill the lives whose history it records."

Fragmentary as the sketches may appear, the volume will be found exceedingly interesting and worthy of a place in every home library. It is sold only by subscription.

A Floral Clock.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Western paper describes a novel floral discovery which he made in New Orleans. In the French quarter of that city he found an old Judge, a botanist of a practical turn of mind, who had constructed a floral clock of plants which are known to blossom about certain hours of the day or night. By his system the day hours of twelve, one, two, and three are told by different species of the portulacæ; the well-known "four o'clock" denotes the hour of that name; six o'clock is the geranium and seven the evening primrose; ten the night-flowering cactus, and so on through the twenty-four hours. It is claimed for this natural timepiece that it seldom errs more than a few minutes, and certainly its ingenuity and its beauty combined are attractions which should recommend it to gardeners. Ladies should find it a pleasing diversion to make such combinations and see which could organize the most accurate horological garden plot.

Poor Tired Mother.

THEY were talking of the glory of the land beyond the skies,
Of the light and of the gladness to be found in Paradise,
Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never-ceasing songs,
Of the wanderings through the golden streets of happy, white-robed throngs;
And said father, leaning cozily back in his easy-chair
(Father always was a master-hand for comfort everywhere):
"What a joyful thing 'twould be to know that when this life is o'er
One would straightway hear a welcome from the blessed shining shore!"
And Isabel, our eldest girl, glanced upward from the red
She was painting on a water jug, and murmured,
"Yes, indeed."
And Marian, the next in age, a moment dropped her book,
And "Yes, indeed!" repeated, with a most ecstatic look.
But mother, gray-haired mother, who had come to sweep the room,
With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly on her broom—
Poor mother! no one ever thought how much she had to do—
And said, "I hope it is not wrong not to agree with you,
But seems to me that when I die, before I join the blest,
I'd like just for a little while to lie in my grave and rest."

MARGARET EYTINGE, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Woolens for Health.

IT has been proved by experiments that wool is the only substance which permits that free escape of the products of perspiration that is essential to health. The moisture retained by a linen coverlet was about two and one-half times that retained by a woolen one, while a feather quilt retained eight times as much as the wool. This interference with the functions of the skin, consequent on improper dressing, is thought to be a great factor in producing scrofulous affections. The head and neck, the only parts uncovered, have to perform a much larger share in the elimination of moisture than belongs to them, and the excessive evaporation is likely to lead to congestion even of the deeper-lying vessels. Thus woolen materials are pointed out as the most proper for human clothing. Heavy woolens for winter wear, light woolens for summer wear, are indicated by our knowledge of the properties of the substances used in clothing. Silk, cotton, and linen check perspiration, and thus are as unfit for summer use, as, for other reasons, they are for winter.

Grape-seed Oil.

OIL from the grape-seed is now used in Italy for illuminating purposes. As extracted at Modena, thirty-three pounds of grape-seed yield about thirteen quarts of oil, or about eighteen per cent. The seeds of the black grape yield more oil than the white varieties, and those of young vines are more prolific than old stocks. The color of the oil is golden yellow, and twenty-five per cent. is lost in the process of purification.

A Calling that Lives Only to Destroy.

THIS is the strong but true language in which a Philadelphia Grand Jury presents to the Court of Quarter Sessions the liquor traffic of the city. Summing up the evils that flow therefrom, we have, in the words of the presentment, this terrible exhibit:
"In the performance of our duty we have been deeply impressed with the fact that four-fifths, if not nine-tenths, of the six thousand paupers and criminals which fill our public institutions are in their present sad and deplorable condition through the influence of intoxicating liquors. If we look beyond these institutions to determine the cost of the liquor traffic to this city; if we estimate the increase of the police force necessary to meet its requirements; the degradation emanating from the infamous pest houses which it sustains; the idleness which it fosters; the wealth which it squanders and destroys; the poverty and disgrace which it entails; the burdens and expenses which it lays upon our courts of justice, and if we add to these the perpetual support of so large a number of paupers and criminals, the loss which we suffer is incalculable. If these fearful calamities cannot be prevented, if the right is given to men to scatter desolation and death all about them, to cover with rags and shame every family which they are able to reach, to convert happy homes into pest houses and kind parents into driveling maniacs, if the legal right to commit these crimes be given for a paltry consideration, we beg, in the name of suffering humanity, that if it be necessary all the resources of the Commonwealth shall be called into requisition to compel these men to confine their work of destruction to the six working days of the week. It was certainly never designed that the law should make a discrimination in their favor, and that the Sabbath should be obliterated to promote a calling that lives only to destroy."

In view of all that is here set forth, is not the apathy of the people in regard to the question of repressing this dreadful traffic something most remarkable?

Publishers' Department.

THE HOME MAGAZINE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR 1884.

1 Copy, one year,	\$2.00
2 Copies, "	3.50
3 " "	5.00
4 " "	6.00
8 " "	12.00
15 " "	20.00

New subscribers for 1884 will receive, free, the November and December numbers of 1883. Specimen numbers, 10 cents.

From four to eight pages of Butterick's fashion illustrations, with prices of patterns, are given in every number.

Additions to clubs can always be made at the club-rate.

It is not required that all the members of a club be at the same post-office.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Be very careful, in writing, to give your post-office address and also that of your subscribers. Always give Town, County, and State.

Subscribers who wish a change of address must give notice as early as practicable after receipt of a number, and in all cases before the tenth of the succeeding month, as no change of address can be made between the tenth and twentieth of any month.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1884:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon certain of the ensuing patterns.—
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 1.—This illustrates a Ladies' skirt and basque. The skirt pattern, which is No. 9423 and costs 30 cents, is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. The basque pattern, which is No. 9424 and costs 25 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

A very elegant toilette, combining one of the Autumn importations in fancy woollens with *satén merveilleux*, is here portrayed. The round skirt is four-gored and is deeply trimmed with a triple box-plaiting of *satén merveilleux*. Upon the lower part of the gores is a plain drapery cut in deep tongue tabs, which fall stylishly over the plaiting. An oval *tablier*, handsomely wrinkled by gatherings in the side edges, droops deeply over the lower drapery and is plainly finished at its edges. The back-drapery is deep and square, and is draped high and in *bouffant* fashion by plaits turning downward in its front edges and loopings to the skirt at the center. All the draperies are of the fancy goods.

The basque combines the jaunty effect of a tight-fitting coat and pointed vest, the fronts closing between the bust and waistline and turning back in *revers* below the closing and in lapels above; the rolling collar meeting the tops of the lapels in notches. The reversed portions and the collar are of *satén merveilleux*, and so are the vest and



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' TOILETTE.

the standing collar; the vest being closely fitted by double bust darts and buttoned all the way down. Double bust darts and single under-arm darts closely fit the fronts, and the vest extends to the under-arm darts, along which it is sewed. Two straps extend across the closing from the first dart in the left front, and their pointed ends are secured to the right front by large metal buckles. Pointed cuffs are simulated with satin at the wrists of the handsome coat sleeves. A linen standing collar, fastened with a jewel stud, is worn.

Such toilettes are as stylish made of a single material as of combined fabrics; and flannel, cloth, cashmere, serge, velours, etc., are all pretty and desirable goods for them. Velvet combines with all textures, and is used even when two varieties are selected. The trimming on the skirt may be narrow knife or box plaitings or ruffles, or it may be one deep side or fancy plaiting; but, to look well, it should extend to the tops of the tabs in the lower front-drapery. The vest may be made of some gay or sober fabric, and need not be like any other portion of the toilette. Sometimes it will be of a gay color, embroidered with *soutache* or overlaid with it in parallel lines.

The hat is a fine felt, and its brim is smoothly faced with velvet. It is trimmed with a scarf of Surah and a bunch of plumage.



9421

Front View.

9421

*Back View.***CHILD'S BIAS DRESS.**

No. 9421.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the garment for a child of 6 years, requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



9426

Front View.

9426

*Back View.***CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 9426.—This handsome little pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume of one material for a child of 6 years, will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



9438

Front View.

9428

LADIES' BISHOP SLEEVE.

No. 9428.—In ordering this pattern, the measurement of the arm around the muscular portion of its upper part should be given. The pattern is in 2 sizes for arms measuring 9 and 13 inches, as mentioned. A pair of sleeves for a lady whose arm measures 13 inches, needs 2 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cts.



9438

*Side-Back View.***LADIES' COSTUME.**

No. 9438.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain material and $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of embroidered goods 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**9406****LADIES' POLONAISE.**

No. 9406.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**9402***Front View.***CHILD'S CLOAK.**

No. 9402.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and is nicely adapted to any variety of seasonable cloaking. To make the garment for a child of 6 years, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**9402***Back View.***9410****MISSSES' AND GIRLS' LEGGING.**

No. 9410.—Black cloth was used for the legging here pictured. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 15 years of age. To make a pair of leggings like it for a miss of 13 years, will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material 27 inches wide, with the same quantity of lining goods. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

**9411****LADIES' COSTUME.**

No. 9411.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, needs $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain material and $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of brocaded goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of the one and $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of the other 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**9445***Front View.***GIRLS' COAT.**

No. 9445.—Garnet plush is the fabric employed for this pretty coat, and buttons form the ornamental accessories. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the coat for a girl of 8 years, requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**9445***Back View.*

LADIES' COAT.

No. 9408.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and is here employed for plain cloth, with decorations of velvet and narrow braid. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



9408

Front View.



9408

Back View.



9405

Front View.



9405

Side-Back View.

FIG. NO. 2.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This illustrates Child's costume No. 9426. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years old. For a child of 6 years, it requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 9405.—Fancy dress goods were employed for this costume, and buttons are the only garnitures added. Any other style of dress goods or, in fact, any two materials preferred will make up prettily in this way, and braids, machine-stitchings or contrasting bands will form appropriate decorations. When a dressy effect is desired, the hip-drapery may be trimmed with lace, and frills of the same may be added to the neck and wrists, while three or more velvet bands may decorate the lower portion of the kilt. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 13 years, it will require $10\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.





MODERN GREEKS.—Page 603.

